50 CENTS
PDC

JUNE 9, 1972

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on
ne Prospects for Wallace
—SEE PAGE 659

NATIONAL REVIEW

memo

to: The President
Re: Moscow Trip

While you're over there, you might want to
read some off-beat stuff on Russia.
E.g., Notes from Soviet Asylums, by
Communist artists who have resisted;
and A Month in the Life of Yevtushenko,
about an artist who didn't. And
say hello to Solzhenitsyn.

Best,
The Staff

ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

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THE IMPUDENT SNOBS
Agnew vs. the Intellectual Establishment

by John R. Coyne, Jr. • 524 pages
24 photographs • index
A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

"The best TV show of 1969," says John Coyne, "didn't win an Emmy. It originated in Des Moines, Iowa, on November 13. The subject: the Liberal bias of the national media. The star: Vice President Spiro T. Agnew. And the country has never been the same since."

Nor has Vice President Agnew. He emerged as the spokesman for those who challenge America's intellectual establishment, especially the segment that dominates the media. He has become the tribune of Middle America.

John Coyne analyzes the role intellectuals (and those who think of themselves as intellectuals) play in America today, especially in the media and the academy. This naturally leads him into the media attack on Agnew: their amazing distortion of Agnew's words and deeds, their one-sided view of the Pentagon, the South — the whole Liberal demonology. Coyne's analyses of *The Selling of the Pentagon*, the "Fat Jap" incident and the "copulating rhinos" episode are rich in new material.

John Coyne tells us what it is like to work on the Vice President's own staff . . . because Mr. Coyne did just that, over the summer of 1971. He shows us the real Agnew . . . the influences that shaped the man . . . the values that inform his life. Included is a fascinating discussion of Mr. Agnew's confrontation with a group of black leaders after the 1968 Baltimore riots . . . the real story of the "tongue-lashing" he gave them.

John Coyne introduces us to the Veep's staff: the conservatives you'd expect to find, and one Liberal. Coyne shows why the staff is probably the most loyal in Washington, why there's virtually no backbiting among its members.

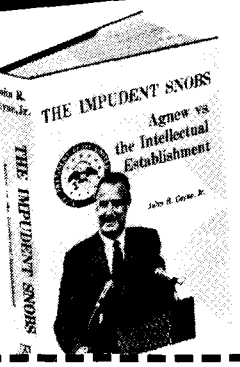
Writes John Coyne: "[Spiro Agnew has become] one of the most important articulators of the conservative ideal of our century, and one of the very few political spokesmen of our age to touch the emotions of the common man.

"And if this isn't enough, there's the appealing argument, perhaps best expressed in 1884 by Edward S. Briggs, seconding the nomination of Grover Cleveland: 'They love him, gentlemen, and they respect him, not only for himself, but for his character, for his integrity and judgment and iron will; but they love him most for the enemies he has made'."

> "Coyne is nothing if not an articulate conservative spokesman. Here . . . he offers spirited support for Agnew's assault on the news media which, in Coyne's view, 'function as the propaganda arm of the American intellectual establishment' . . . Granted his premises, Coyne's polemic is cogently argued." — ***Publishers' Weekly***

John Coyne makes important new contributions to the Great Media Debate...

- A fatherly LBJ warns Agnew against attacking the media
- The "Camelot-Restoration political-media coalition"
- Newsmen who glory in their hatred for Middle America
- Press exploits off-the-record quips by conservatives, is careful to suppress similar cracks by Jack and Bobby Kennedy
- Marvin Kalb and the CBS State Department
- The two Liberal publications named by the Veep as fit only for the bottom of a birdcage
- The TV camera crews who service leftist vandals and subversives
- "Hunger in America" opens with an outright lie, goes downhill from there
- Top Boston editor openly endorses slanted coverage
- Have newsmen encouraged mutiny among our Vietnam troops?
- Walter Cronkite and his "grand conspiracy"
- How the modern media might have reported on Washington crossing the Delaware
- The truth-twisting in "The Selling of the Pentagon"
- How a reporter from an English leftwing newspaper reacts to U.S. television bias
- Does the "responsible" Right try to keep pro-Agnew sentiment under wraps?



IMPORTANT

*This is the **only** definitive edition of the speeches of Spiro T. Agnew ever to appear in print. All previous printings have come from the official press handouts, and many of the Vice President's most trenchant remarks have been extemporaneous. This is the only edition to transcribe the important speeches directly from tape.*

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 22 JUNE 9, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we are timely. As President Nixon confers with the Soviet leaders, we offer evidence about what life is like for some unfortunate Russians, and look at some typical exports from the USSR. . . . **Vladimir Bukovsky** is a prime example of that threatened species, the Russian dissident: He has spent nine of his 29 years in one sort of custody or another. While at liberty, briefly, last year, he managed to have smuggled out a sheaf of documents exposing conditions in the mental hospitals where the KGB "treats" political and religious dissenters. The evidence reached us via an American psychiatrist, shocked at the perversion of his profession for political ends; we reprint it in part herewith. . . . Propaganda for domestic and foreign consumption is easily the Soviet Union's biggest product. **C. H. Simonds** sums up what Soviet radio and newspapers were saying shortly before the Nixon trip, and **Max Geltman**, a veteran Left-watcher, observes the latest visit to this country of Yevgeny Yevtushenko, poet-propagandist extraordinary. . . . Meanwhile **Colm Brogan** introduces the Communist *apparatchik* who just became rector of Glasgow University; **Priscilla L. Buckley** recounts an orgy of anti-Americanism she saw on New York's "educational" Channel 13; and **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** discusses the prospects of George Wallace, and whether he is now in a position to affect the outcome of the Democratic Convention in Miami Beach in July. —CHS

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Contributors

Aram Bakshian Jr. ☐ C. D. Batchelor ☐ Ruth Berenson ☐ Colm Brogan ☐ David Brudnoy ☐ John R. Coyne Jr. ☐ John Chamberlain ☐ Richmond Crinkley ☐ Anthony R. Dolan ☐ Charles Foley ☐ Neal Freeman ☐ Max Geltman ☐ Henry Hazlitt ☐ John Kiley ☐ Suzanne La Follette ☐ Sir Arnold Lunn ☐ Vincent Miller ☐ Gerhart Niemeyer ☐ Daniel Oliver ☐ Stefan T. Possony ☐ William F. Rickenbacker ☐ Morrie Ryskind ☐ William S. Schlamm ☐ Tibor Szamuely ☐ Alec Waugh ☐ Auberon Waugh ☐ Peter P. Witonski ☐ Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

Foreign Contributors

Anthony Lejeune *London* ☐ E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich* ☐ Elspeth Huxley *African Affairs* ☐ Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens* ☐ Donald Coxe *Guelph, Ontario*

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1972.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: *$22.00 a year ($12.00 for the 44-page issues, and $10.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign* **subscriptions.**

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Examples of **McGovern** organization at its best. In past primaries **Humphrey** has gotten four out of five black votes, so, 1) McGovern forces have now gotten endorsements from **Coretta King**, Georgia legislator **Julian Bond**, militant Negro Congressman **John Conyers** (Mich.), the Rev. **Jesse Jackson**. . . . 2) Pictures of the Rev. **Hosea Williams** of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference giving McGovern the black power handshake are being circulated in California by Black Californians for McGovern. . . . 3) McGovern literature is going out in joint mailing with literature of radical Negro Congressman **Ron Dellums** (Calif.), who staged a war atrocities (U.S., not Vietcong) show on Capitol Hill a year or so ago. . . . In addition, McGovern has gotten endorsement of **César Chavez**. Chicanos and Negroes, between them, make up 25 per cent of California's population. . . . Humphrey bound to be hurt by **Chisholm** candidacy in California which will funnel away black votes, and on right, he'll lose some to the **Yorty** forces. Could make the difference in close decision in California's winner-take-all primary. . . . Surprising, a **Gallup** poll of where Democrats who are for **Wallace** (they come to 18 per cent) would go in a two-man McGovern-Humphrey contest: 43 per cent for McGovern, 34 for Humphrey. . . . Going for Humphrey, the 650,000-strong AFL-CIO Retail Clerks International, and the personal backing of Presidents **I. W. Abel**, of the Steelworkers, and **Peter Bomarito**, of the United Rubber Workers. . . . Working with HHH, **Kenneth O'Donnell**, former JFK White House aide. His job: to persuade Wallace delegates to give their votes to Humphrey if the Convention goes to a second ballot—which seems less and less likely.

■ **Frank McGee**, on *Today* show, says media, including TV, has done a pretty ineffectual job in instructing the voters. "Changes that they [the voters] have been told either directly or indirectly that they must make in their attitudes . . . they are not prepared to make. They are using the primaries to, among other things, bring this forcefully to our attention." . . . **Kennedy** spokesmen have knocked down a **David S. Broder** (*Washington Post*) report that McGovern would like to have Teddy on his ticket as running mate if nominated. Failing that, McGovern told Broder he would like a "moderate" like Gov. **Askew** of Florida or former Gov. **Terry Sanford** (candidate manqué) of North Carolina. . . . **Eugene McCarthy** withdrew from California race, gave his endorsement to McGovern but warned that if he didn't like the Democratic nominee he might still move into a third-party candidacy. . . . On the other hand, Sen. **Robert Byrd** (D., W.Va.) says he has always, to this point, voted the Democratic ticket, but if McGovern gets it, he may have to reconsider.

Langdon, *Punch* Ben Roth Agency

"Anything in the rumor, Henry, you've entered into secret negotiations for nomination as Presidential candidate?"

■ Big boost for **John Ashbrook** in switchover from Nixon to Ashbrook camp of Dr. **Gaylord Parkinson**, 1968 Chairman of national Nixon for President Committee. Parkinson, author of the so-called eleventh commandment ("Thou shalt not speak ill of any Republican") resigned as honorary delegate on California slate pledged to Nixon to give his support to Ashbrook because Nixon "has reversed his position on every issue affecting our economy and national security." . . . **Sandy Goodwin**, State Chairman of California YAF, also has swung to Ashbrook.

■ A Toronto correspondent reporting from Peking says Chinese authorities have refused a Soviet request that its freighters headed for **Haiphong** be allowed to unload in South China ports. They have, however, okayed the transport of Soviet-bloc goods for Vietnam via rail. . . . Reporter on the scene in **South Vietnam** estimates that in first month of current North Vietnamese offensive, 650 people in South Vietnam were assassinated, over two thousand were kidnaped in a new Hué-type terror operation. . . . Vote on the Robert Byrd amendment in the Senate (which watered down a bugout proposal) was close, 47 for the Administration to 43 against. Some waverers swung over when Sen. **John Sherman Cooper** (a doveish Republican, Ky.) said he would vote for the amendment because "I do not want to do anything to limit [the President's] ability to negotiate." With the doves, and joining in more and more with the liberal GOP bloc (**Brooke**, **Case**, **Cook**, **Hatfield**, **Javits**, **Mathias**, **Percy**, **Schweiker**) were Republican freshmen, **Robert Taft** of Ohio, **Lowell Weicker**, Conn.

■ Sick, sick: Button circulating on West Coast with slogan: "Free the **Manson Four**." . . . Peace demonstrators parading in Washington the day before George Wallace was shot, shouting about Nixon: "2 4 6 8, Don't Impeach, Assassinate."

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LETTERS

Berger's Paradoxes

I have just finished reading James Burnham's reply ["Selective, Yes. Humanism, Maybe," May 12] to Peter Berger's essay ["Intellectual Conservatism: Two Paradoxes"]. Mr. Berger does, as Mr. Burnham says, argue within the cloud of "the emotional gestalt of liberalism," but does not conservatism, traditional or intellectual, have its own special gestalt, and might not this be a clue to the hesitations preventing a dissatisfied liberal from embracing conservatism? Also, might it not be a source of the persistent accusation that conservatism is negative?

Let me try to make this point clearer by example: You no doubt had the experience when you were a child of going to a new friend's house for the first time and discovering, to your embarrassment, that it smelled, and each time you returned the house had that same, pervasive, distinctive smell. It was very upsetting in a mysterious way; it was new, unique, didn't cling to your friend or his family, and you couldn't, for the life of you, figure out why your friend didn't mention it offhandedly, if not apologetically. You, of course, out of your native politeness, never mentioned it, and if your friend became a close, constant companion, you eventually grew to ignore the smell, without consciously realizing it, and even to subconsciously rely on it in some affirmative way. You grew up and left your own home for a long time—to college or the service. One day you returned home, and, to your great shock and surprise, you discovered that your own house had a smell.

As one who grew up in a Catholic, conservative tradition and tried to make friends with liberal thought, I know that the house of liberalism and the house of conservatism each has its own smell. Although oftentimes in our restlessly mobile society, these smells are merely sensed without being realized, Mr. Burnham's article smells like a York County estate and Mr. Berger's like a Westchester colonial. To a man reared in the ethos of messianic, utopian, "just-around-the-corner" thinking, thought that is reasoned, plausible, that is unafraid of allowing for the beast in man, that is fastened to the history of men and ideas like rails to a bed of ties has a smell about it that instantly and permanently repels the narrow-minded liberal and quivers the stomach of the broad-minded liberal. It is this smell they call conservatives' negativism. But they can get over it.

Chevy Chase, Md. WALTER J. SEARS III

I believe Mr. Berger has misunderstood conservatism and calls his own confusion a paradox in conservative thought.

He says, "Contemporary intellectual conservatism in America has, of course, arisen in response to the triumphant onslaught of political and ideological liberalism." Such liberalism, according to Mr. Berger, "burst" onto the European scene with the French Revolution of 1789 and was firmly established in America with the defeat of the South in the Civil War. Thus conservatism is merely a reaction to a liberal ideology that has been a popular political philosophy in this country for only about one hundred years.

But this is simply not the case, as even Mr. Berger is dimly aware. He mentions Edmund Burke among the early representatives of conservatism; he would do better to follow that source of conservatism which includes Burke and the Whigs than to try to associate contemporary American conservative thought with the ideas of Metternich.

As Jeffrey Hart says in his rebuttal ["Peter Berger's 'Paradox'"], contemporary American conservatism has sources at least as far back in history as the American Founders, and their actions cannot be explained as reactions to the "triumphant onslaught" of liberalism. American conservatism is the continuation of and heir to that philosophy of relations between government and the individual which was first expressed in modern times by Edmund Burke and Lord Acton after him, that motivated the Revolution of 1688 and inspired the Magna Carta in 1215.

Conservatism does not seek to preserve any status quo but does seek to preserve and perpetuate those ideas and institutions that protect the freedom it has gained over the centuries. When this is realized, Mr. Berger's criticism that intellectual conservatism in America has "a certain air of negativism" is answered. American conservatives are defending the freedom that was won for all Western men by over seven hundred years of positive action by men who believed what American conservatives believe today.

Indian Mills, N.J. TIMOTHY G. SCHILLER

Many thanks for the Berger bit. It did not even seek to come to grips with what I regard as the main "paradox" of intellectual conservatism: How ideologically committed can it allow itself to be in face of the indubitable fact that the decline of the West can only be braked by some degree of cooperation between conservatives and liberals?

The object is to be able to twit the liberals on their closed-mindedness. Can the conservatives show them the way to self-criticism?

Unless I badly misread Mr. Berger, he is pleading for recognition by the conservatives that the liberals are "moral" too. If so, I think he speaks for great numbers

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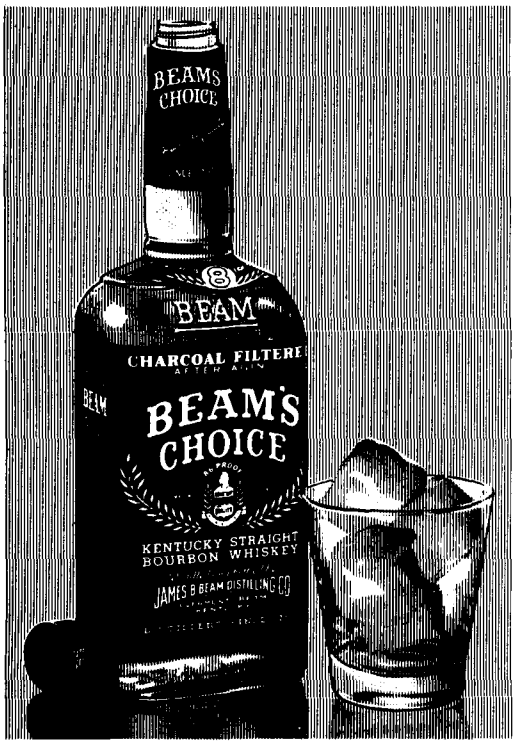

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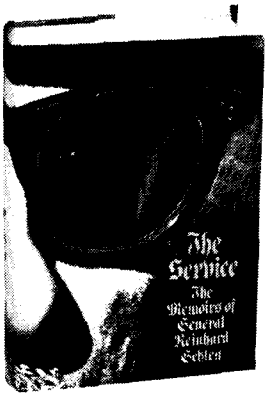

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of liberals. Some, I think, would even give up their liberal ghosts if they were less resentful of conservative moral superiority.
Falls City, Neb. STEPHEN B. MILES

Grrr!

As everyone at *NR* knows, I am a temperate, tranquil soul, not given to complaining about bad reviews of my books. True, I like to imagine certain reviewers discovering, upon first lusty bite, small single-edged Schick razor blades embedded in their martini olives. But I respect Neal Freeman, and wish him nothing worse than a permanent case of writer's cramp, the first symptoms of which seem to have surfaced in his review of my book [May 12]. In the same issue in which he reviews *The Impudent Snobs*, he recommends ["Books in Brief"] that we read James Keogh's book on Nixon "as a companion volume to the Vice President's speeches . . ." Right. But there's only one good edition of those Vice Presidential talks. It's called *The Impudent Snobs*, the appendix to which contains the texts of the Vice President's 94 most important speeches. The speeches and the reaction to them are the subject of the book (it is not, as Mr. Freeman seems to believe, an attempt at political biography), and I'm surprised that Mr. Freeman didn't mention them. Apparently that attack of writer's cramp hit just before he finished his review.
Tempe, Ariz. JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Nobel Prize for Idealism

Mr. Max Geltman's lively essay on the inscrutable taste of the Swedish Academy ["Some Reflections on the Geopolitical Nature of Noble Prizes," May 12] makes the common mistake of assuming that the Nobel Prize in Literature is awarded for excellence. Nobel's will specifies that the prize is to go "to the person who shall have produced in the field of Literature the most distinguished work of an *idealist* tendency." Karl Gjellerup, the Danish theologian and novelist who embraced Darwin and Spencer (and who wrote a book called *En Idealist*), and Henrik Pontoppidan, who also fled his pulpit to participate in the post-Ibsen Scandinavian rage for the *élan vital*, were more obvious candidates for Nobel's Prize for Idealism than Conrad or Proust.

What idealism is and how the Swedish Academy detects it in one writer more than another are matters to be revealed when Gabriel sounds the great ear-filling flourish in C-sharp and the scrolls are unfurled, but the terms of Nobel's will make it plausible that next year's prize will go to Rod McKuen.
Lexington, Ky. GUY DAVENPORT

Sorry about That

Texas is a land of miracles, I grant you, but re your paragraph on the gubernatorial primary ["The Week," May 26], it is Rep. Frances T. Farenthold who came in

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second. Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson, God bless her, passed on to the great beyond (which any fool knows is directly over Texas) some time ago. Mrs. Ferguson was, by the way, Governor of Texas for two terms.

El Paso, Tex. EDWARD THARPE

Chickering and the Poor

I fully agree with the article "Can We Do without the Poor?" by A. Lawrence Chickering [April 14].

I would add these words by W. E. Burghardt DuBois, from his book *The Philadelphia Negro* published in 1899: "Thus the class of Negroes which the prejudices of the city have distinctly encouraged is that of the criminal, the lazy and the shiftless; for them the city teems with institutions and charities; for them there is the succor and sympathy; for them Philadelphians are thinking and planning; but for the educated and industrious young colored man who wants work and not platitudes, wages and not alms, just rewards and not sermons—for such colored men Philadelphia apparently has no use."

Tampa, Fla. GERALDINE LAMBOLEY

Mr. Chickering's article "Can We Do without the Poor?" showed great acumen. It is a shame so few Americans will read it. If more of the poor people of this country were made aware of the reasons behind the "concern" of the leftists, they might leave the liberal fold and work within a more responsive one, i.e., the Republican-conservative fold.

Middletown, Conn. KENNETH R. SHEA

Recording for the Blind

In the April 14: "Notes & Asides" you published a letter bemoaning "the dearth of conservative material for the blind," with particular reference to the unavailability of recorded tapes of "main portions of NATIONAL REVIEW." It, seemingly, laid the blame for this and other alleged derelictions in the field of recording for the blind at the doorstep of Recording for the Blind, Inc. (RFB).

While this letter was no doubt a pleasing plug for *NR*, it did a great injustice to RFB. It is true that RFB "has no time for recording magazines." To record extracurricular magazines, conservative or otherwise, would be beyond RFB's capability and purpose. Its mission is to record and lend out curricular books requested by blind students. Over four thousand volunteers across the nation are engaged in this effort. Currently RFB is serving ten thousand blind students with some 64,000 books. By 1976 it is hoped that RFB will be capable of serving fifteen thousand persons, including all the blind high-school and college students in the United States.

It is also true that RFB "insists its tapes be returned." When a taped book has served the purposes of one blind student, it is, quite naturally, made available to another. And it is also true that RFB does not supply listening machines to the students. As a nonprofit, privately supported enterprise, it just hasn't the money to do so.

The "most unkindest cut of all" was the letter's disparagement of the volunteers' performance. For many years I have been a volunteer reader at our local RFB unit, concentrating my efforts primarily on law casebooks and texts. I am quite certain that should I ever become so cavalier and unseemly, while reading, say, Shelley's Case, as to "eat, drink and fidget, squeak and rustle into the mike," a monitor or checker, volunteer like myself, would immediately spot it and I would be required to do the job over again. RFB has, I submit, the highest recording standards of any recording organization in this field.

Phoenix, Ariz. DENISON KITCHEL

Brudnoy Replies

When did I stop beating my wife? About the same time I let up on persecuting Puerto Rico. "Letters" [May 26] confronts me with the Puerto Rico Information Service's puff for that lovely (and unhappy) island, but most of Mr. Highley's letter simply repeats the official propaganda which my article ["Unhappy Island," April 14] explicitly disavowed. I am a reporter and I do my own investigating, which revealed to me the severe economic trouble in which Puerto Rico finds itself. I would sooner invite other visitors to Puerto Rico to weigh my assessments against the official version than play a game of 'Tis So! 'Tis Not! But I will succumb on one point, to wit, Puerto Rico's one-time ability to survive without importing foodstuffs. I wouldn't push it way back 450 years, as Mr. Highley does, but my piece did make it seem as if self-sufficiency was yesterday's situation. Apologies.

I appreciate Mr. Dexter's letter, for telling us more about the Independentistas. But Mr. Dexter errs if he thinks I meant that the Independentistas are Puerto Rican poor-folk. Not so; never so there, any more than the "New Left" here represents the "downtrodden masses." Like our bothersome campus-kiddies here, PR's come most often from the upper-middle class. By writing that the "lowest sixth or so of the people become easy prey to the psychological appeal of the Independentistas," I meant—and regret any confusion—that the disorder fomented by the Independentistas can easily inspire dissatisfaction among the very poor by offering a simple cause of all PR's woes and a neat panacea: Throw the Yankees out.

By the way, I love Puerto Rico, will undoubtedly spend Christmas there again this year. My complaints spring not from dislike of the island but from fond hopes for Puerto Rico's future, which I trust will remain a charming and increasingly advancing part of the United States.

Boston, Mass. DAVID BRUDNOY

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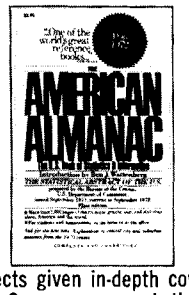

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THE WEEK

■ The newest branch of the Committee To Abolish Original Sin is the Planetary Citizen Registration Campaign, founded by Norman Cousins with the help of the World Association of World Federalists and the Conference on Human Survival. It has taken out full-page newspaper ads to explain its premises and program, to wit: ". . . We have the obligation to place the human interest above national sovereignty. . . . We have the obligation to create a world order in which man neither has to kill or be killed. In order to carry out these obligations, we the people of this world assert our primary allegiance to each other in the family of man. We declare our individual citizenship in the world community and our support for a United Nations capable of governing our planet in the common human interest. . . ." Some of those who have pledged "to make this new allegiance practical and effective": Robert Hutchins, Linus Pauling, U Thant, Gunnar Myrdal, and the Dalai Lama. Why don't they issue a uniform?

■ Ahem. Why must we bus? To integrate. And why must we integrate? To ensure quality education for all; to rescue minority children from the vicious cycle of the ghetto; to promote racial harmony (because, in the dictum of social psychologist Gordon Allport, "contacts that bring knowledge and acquaintance are likely to engender sounder beliefs about minority groups"). Just so. But here comes liberal sociologist David J. Armor, with a study that demonstrates pretty convincingly that it ain't necessarily so. Professor Armor studied integrated-by-busing school systems in Boston, Hartford, New Haven, White Plains, Ann Arbor and Riverside, California, and found: 1) Black children bused to formerly white, middle-class schools showed no significant improvement in academic achievement (in Boston, children left behind in ghetto schools actually performed somewhat better). 2) After busing, black children showed declines in "educational and job aspirations" and self-esteem. 3) "Integration increases racial identity and solidarity over the short run and, at least in the case of black students, leads to increased desires for separation." About the only benefit Professor Armor could find was that bused black children tended to be "better 'channeled' into universities."

■ Only four senators have an ACA rating of zero: Gravel of Alaska; Cranston of California; Inouye of Hawaii; and Case of New Jersey. The first three are Democrats. The last considers himself a Republican. On June 6, when the New Jersey primary happens, Republicans in the Garden State will have a chance to straighten the matter out. Running against Case for the Republican nomination is James W. Ralph, a doctor and Vietnam war hero. Ralph supports President Nixon's Vietnam policy and is in favor of a strong defense. At home he is against busing and courts that protect the criminal rather than the victim. Come on, New Jersey, don't blow it.

■ President Nixon helicoptered in to chat with the patient. Candidates McGovern and Humphrey canceled their campaigning. Humphrey visited the hospital (their families, he said, are "close personally, despite political differences"). McGovern offered up prayers—and more: He let it be known he would help Wallace delegates get their minority report from the Platform Committee to the Convention floor; later, campaigning in Oregon, he told voters: "Governor Wallace and I have different solutions but both of us saying with a perfectly straight, clear conscience that we are fed up with conditions as they are." Human motives are usually mixed; all three no doubt sincerely wished to comfort Wallace and his family, and McGovern seems really to believe the Democratic Convention should be as open as possible. Still, the words and gestures underscore the fact that Wallace has a great big following among the voters.

■ Arthur Bremer. Everywhere he's described as a loner. Most people don't remember him; the few who do say things like "nondescript little guy" in attempts at describing him. His only girlfriend thought him weird and after a few weeks refused to see him. He then bought a gun. A short while later he started traveling around the country, staying one night in New York's Waldorf Astoria. Back in Milwaukee he joined the American Civil Liberties Union and took out two library books on the assassination of Robert Kennedy. He then packed into his car and began to follow George Wallace. His days now consist of shouting obscenities at the man he failed to kill and spitting at his guards.

■ Wallace had a significant blue-collar victory in Michigan, made a solid second-place showing in Oregon, and came very close to second place in Rhode Island. The primaries were slight dampeners for McGovern, and bad news for Humphrey. McGovern has now added 56 delegates from Oregon and Rhode Island, bringing the number of delegates now leaning (500) or committed (505) to him up to 1,005, with Humphrey and Wallace holding 294 and 323 respectively. The latest Gallup poll indicates that 35 per cent of the Democrats prefer Humphrey, 20 per cent McGovern and 18 per cent Wallace. Polls don't concern McGovern. Give him California, and he's in.

■ "Our defeats far outweigh our successes," said British MP Winston Churchill II, laying it on the line to the graduating class of Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri. Who would have anticipated, asked Churchill, "that the dominant influence in the Middle East today would be Soviet; that there would be more Red Army personnel in Egypt than there were British troops in all of India at the height of the British rule one hundred

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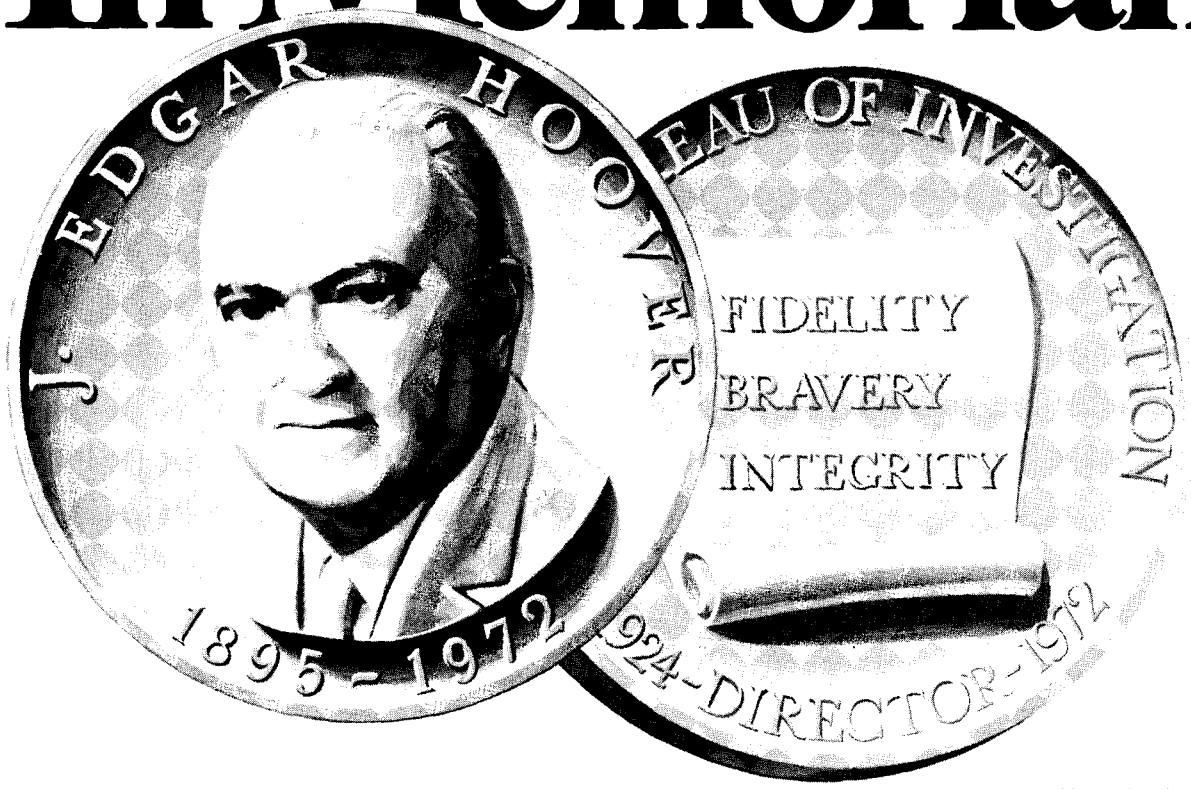
In Memoriam



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President Richard M. Nixon

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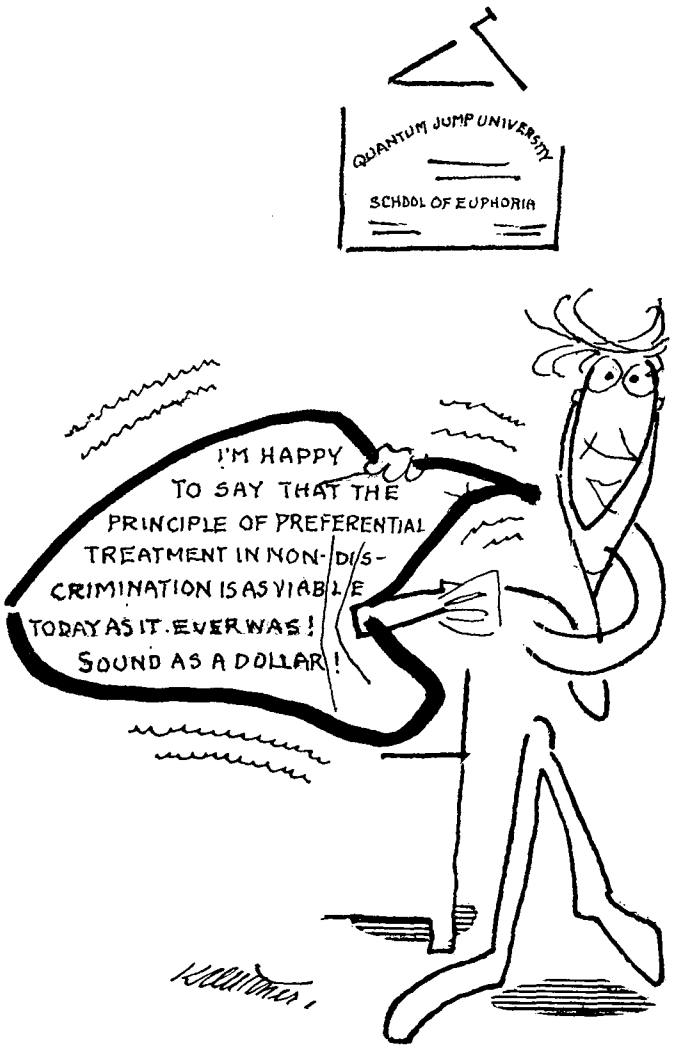
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years ago; that the Soviet fleet would be a force to reckon with in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean; . . . that the Soviet Union would have reached a position of military parity with the United States?" Soviet expansion has "come on us like a thief in the night." The thief did not come unheralded; 26 years ago at the behest of President Harry S. Truman, Churchill's grandfather and namesake came to Fulton, Mo., the heart of America, to warn that a Soviet "Iron Curtain" threatened to envelop the freedoms of the West.

■ Britain, alone among our European allies, has been sympathetic to our mining Haiphong harbor and bombing North Vietnam. In spite of the objections of many Laborites, both the Foreign Office and the House of Commons have backed the U.S. As the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs explained, "All war is hideous. All escalation of war carries dangers to others. But the American response on this occasion has been proportionate and directly related to the North Vietnamese invasion of the South."

■ In current bombing operations over North Vietnam, most of the restrictions on military target selections imposed by President Johnson during the 1965-68 period have been lifted. Such strikes as have destroyed the large oil-tank farm on the edge of Hanoi and wrecked railroad bridges inside the city limits would have been excluded by the Johnson rules. The inner Haiphong harbor (where Soviet and other foreign ships are located), the Red River dikes, and targets (except for the bridges) within Hanoi proper are among the few items still taboo. Air Force intelligence reports that the advanced types of TV-guided and laser-guided bombs now in use are achieving remarkable results, and that new radar-jamming methods are proving their effectiveness in protecting the subsonic B-52s against the Soviet-built ground-to-air missiles and anti-aircraft guns.

■ For history buffs, put it down as another first: "The first time in history that a British sovereign has paid a *second* state visit to a foreign country." And so, Queen Elizabeth II embarked on her second visit to France, this time to cement the new entente cordiale between the two countries as England prepares to join the European Common Market. The stay went smoothly, despite HRH's unsettling request to be moved from the renovated Louis Quatorze suite in le Grand Trianon to smaller, less pretentious quarters. At the farewell banquet in the same Salle des Fêtes where nine years ago Charles de Gaulle announced his veto of Britain's entry into the Common Market, President Pompidou toasted the Queen and "the new and hopeful chapter that is opening in the long history of the relationship between our two countries." Ça marche.

■ On the Left legal front: An appellate court has overturned the contempt-of-court conviction of the Chicago Seven, their two lawyers (one of whom is William Kunstler), and Bobby Seale. They will now have a new trial on the contempt charges before a new judge. . . . Meanwhile, Father Philip Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth McAlister are appealing their convictions, alleging political persecution.

■ The Assembly of Captive European Nations is the newest victim of the "easing of cold war tensions." It may have to stop functioning within the next few months unless new support and funds are found. ACEN, composed of the surviving free political leaders of the Soviet Union's satellites, provides Americans with information unavailable from other sources, about affairs in these countries. One of ACEN's supporters, Raphael Malsin, says: "Anything which the West can do to keep alive the hope of freedom in Eastern Europe not only increases pressure on the Soviets finally to grant more freedom, but is a vital deterrent against war." Anyone who wants more information about ACEN may write to Mr. Malsin at 1501 Broadway, New York, New York 10036.

■ A gentle cheer, please, for the Poetry Society of America. At its annual dinner last month the Society

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blasted Chilean poet Pablo Neruda for his dismissal of the Solzhenitsyn case as "anti-Soviet propaganda" and "a big bore." Said President Charles Angoff: "No censorship or any other form of oppression of the untrammeled functioning of the literary arts anywhere in the world is a matter of indifference to writers. . . . We condemn the Soviet action against the great novelist Solzhenitsyn and we call upon all other free spirits to do likewise." Free spirits excludes Communist Party member Neruda.

■ American Armed Forces radio and television in Japan, according to an informant, have been broadcasting a series of "love" commercials, one of which is a dialogue between a little girl and an announcer, and goes something like this, brace yourself:

LITTLE GIRL: You can come over to my house any time.

ANNOUNCER: What about Alexei Kosygin, Richard Nixon and Mao Tse-tung?

L. G.: Who're they?

A.: They all need love, too.

L. G.: Well, they can come over to my house too.

Waiting for a Miracle?

In explaining why President Nixon and Secretary Brezhnev decided to meet, it is commonly stated, almost as if a truism, that the United States and the Soviet Union, whatever their ideological and other differences, share "common interests" which, as the *Times* put it the morning after Mr. Nixon reached the Summit, are "driving [them] together."

Now it is obvious that both Nixon and Brezhnev judge that the two of them share at least a common interest in getting together—that, in other words, each figures he personally has a good chance of getting something plus out of it. Else they wouldn't meet. Although not quite so self-evident, it is reasonable to suppose, further, that each believes he has a chance of getting something plus for his side. But it is less certain that the fact of meeting proves any substantial measure of interest common to the two sides. At the least, the notion of a "common interest" needs refinement and specification.

We are told that the Soviet Union and the United States share a common interest in "peace." But "peace" is a word of many colors. The peace of the victor is very different from the peace of the vanquished; there is the peace of the blissful, the peace of the prison, and the peace of the tomb; the peace of the tyrant and the peace of the slave. The leaders of the Soviet Union have often and consistently explained what they mean by "peace." Peace is what serves "the camp of socialism," which is "the defender of peace." Peace is therefore sending tanks into Hungary or Czechoslovakia when activities therein threaten a breach in the camp of socialism. Peace also is sending tanks and missiles to the North Vietnamese defenders of peace for their use against the South Vietnamese puppets of the imperialist war-makers. Peace is supplying and financing Castro's Cuba, supporting and inflaming Chilean revolution, backing India's invasion of East Pakistan, supplying Egypt, Syria and Iraq with men and weapons, establishing naval bases in Egypt, Somalia and Mauritius, sending nuclear missile submarines into the Caribbean. In summary: peace is protecting and extending the Communist revolution.

Have the United States and the Soviet Union, then, a common interest in that peace?

From the Kremlin's point of view, this Summit meeting takes its orderly place in a long-term strategic plan which is completing a major phase with the almost simultaneous ratification of the German-Soviet and German-Polish treaties, the expected signing of the new four-power Berlin agreement, and the completion of a batch of SALT agreements. This combination, the Kremlin believes, signifies Western acceptance of the Brezhnev doctrine—that is, the inviolability of Communist-ruled Eastern Europe and Russia's right to do as she pleases throughout Eastern Europe without any Western interference. More particularly, the pacts with Germany signify to the Kremlin an end to what the Russians call German revanchism—the renunciation of any effort to get the Russians out of East Germany.

In relation to the European front, the next phase will feature the all-European Security Conference and the European Security Treaty that, according to the Kremlin's plans, will issue from it. These will be steps in getting American power—military and also economic—out of Europe, while outflanking Europe from the south by the continuing increase of Soviet naval power in the Mediterranean. The longer-term objective is what some geopoliticians have come to know as the "Finlandization" of Europe. It is fascinating that the operative SALT sessions were held in Helsinki, and that Helsinki has issued the invitation to the European Security Conference.

For the Finlandization strategy, a generally quiet western front would seem advantageous. No use provoking the horse into bucking while you are breaking him in. And the Soviet Union can meanwhile make good use of the products and skills of advanced Western industry to strengthen the home base of the camp of socialism. German technology plus Russian manpower and resources equal the triumph of the world revolution, Lenin taught. The Finlandization prospect is rosier: the skills and technology of all Western Europe, loosened from the American yoke, harnessed for the development of the camp of socialism.

We limit our discussion here to this western strategy, though it is, of course, only one constituent of the global Grand Strategy. What comparable counterstrategy has guided the President and his aides at this Summit, or his representatives at the SALT negotiations? None has been presented, nor is any revealed by analysis of what is being said and done by Mr. Nixon and the other U.S. spokesmen. Day by day during the Summit meeting there

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The President will seek Senate approval of two agreements — separate ones for offensive and defensive weapons—resulting from the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) with the Soviet Union. If Congress approves them, Soviet supremacy will be formalized; indeed, it will be the law of the land. The secrecy surrounding SALT has been tight, but it seems certain that the agreements will involve American acceptance of Soviet numerical superiority in strategic weapons. The rationale one hears is that the President is convinced Congress—the Senate, really—will no longer permit us to run an arms race. Hence we must act now to get whatever deal we can; our bargaining position can only get worse in the years ahead.

■ Already the fears about U.S. concessions in the SALT agreements have fueled speculation regarding three members of the Senate Armed Services Committee. Until now conservative Republicans like Goldwater and Tower (both of Armed Services) have argued that Republicans must support the President because "the alternative is worse." And as McGovern becomes the likely alternative, the Goldwater-Tower argument seems to be reinforced. But some persons believe conservative Republicans might be liberated by a McGovern candidacy. After all, they argue, if McGovern is nominated, Nixon could win in a waltz, so it will be possible to attack a Nixon policy—even an important one—without risking a Democratic victory.

Across the aisle, the man to watch is Senator Jackson, third-ranking Democrat on Armed Services. He is deeply dismayed by what he has learned about the agreements, and he has communicated his dismay to the White House. No senator knows as much as Jackson does about strategic weapons; no senator takes the Soviet threat more seriously. Furthermore, in his run for the Democratic Presidential nomination, and especially in his verbal mauling of McGovern during the Ohio primary, Jackson demonstrated his willingness to fight any and all comers on the issue of national security. An aroused Jackson would be a real headache for the White House.

■ John Connally's resignation was not all that surprising. Here is the way some old hands read it. Connally was bored. Politically, the time has come for him to fish or cut bait. Texas Democrats disemboweled themselves in the recent primary and Republicans everywhere are looking for some sign of commitment from Connally. For months it has been rumored that Connally will direct the Nixon campaign in Texas. That would be a good novitiate in becoming a Republican. Connally probably will take the vows within twelve months and, simultaneously, will become a contender for the 1976 Republican nomination for President.

If you want to be President, and Connally does, you live in Washington and muck about with foreign affairs. So Connally will be back, probably as Secretary of State, and that will pose two problems. Could a former governor, a man used to command and consumed by ambition, find happiness at State while Henry Kissinger continued to rule the foreign policy roost? And if Connally gets State, what is left for Nelson Rockefeller? Granted, Rockefeller would not want State with Kissinger still around. Kissinger was just another Harvard professor until Rockefeller made him his foreign policy adviser. But if not State, what? The only other big-league post is Defense. Deputy Secretary of Defense Kenneth Rush, former Ambassador to West Germany and the President's former law professor, is said to be in line for that job when Laird leaves next year. Thus if Connally is coming back, maybe Rockefeller is not coming at all.

■ George McGovern has a nasty choice. He can fight his friend Ken Bode or Mayor Daley, and Bode may be the rougher opponent. Bode, 33, is a lapsed political scientist. He was an aide to John Bailey when Bailey was Democratic Party Chairman. He was a campaign worker for Eugene McCarthy in 1968 and, later, floor coordinator for candidate McGovern at the Chicago Convention. He was staff director of the McGovern Commission on Democratic Party Reform. He served on McGovern's Senate staff in 1970. Today he is director of the Washington-based Center for Political Reform, the purpose of which is to organize enough legal muscle to force the Democrats to practice what the McGovern Commission preached about party reform, and especially about Convention delegate selection. Ironically, this task will involve holding McGovern's feet to the ideological fires his Commission lighted. Ninety of Mayor Daley's delegates and alternates were selected in ways that flagrantly violated guidelines laid down by the McGovern Commission. There is no way the party can seat the Mayor's men without fracturing its own rules.

Round One of this struggle will occur in Washington before the Credentials Committee hearings. There, if Bode has his way, the party will measure out its life in delegate challenges involving a dozen states. If Bode is not successful there, he will take his fight to the Convention floor in Miami, where national television will be only too happy to cover the uproar. If Daley's men are expelled because of McGovern's rules, the Mayor will spend the autumn sulking in his tent, and candidate McGovern will not carry Illinois. No candidate in modern times has won the White House without Illinois, a fact McGovern may be pondering as he considers asking Bode to go easy on Daley. Anyway, McGovern can save his breath. Bode swears nothing will stop the challenge to Daley. —CATO

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were little sweetmeats like the agreements on heart disease and cancer, pollution, ship bumping, space trysts, cultural exchanges and what not—though even these had a somewhat bitter taste to those who reflected how none of them went toward the heart of the matter, which is the nature of the Communist regime. And then there came the missile agreements. As we write, these have not been officially announced, but the Administration admitted the general accuracy of the description of their substance given by Rep. John M. Ashbrook. We are accepting—and will make into law by the treaty process—an approximately 3 to 2 inferiority in the number of land-based missiles, a much greater inferiority in total warhead power, a potential inferiority in sea-based missiles, dropping of our long-range undersea missile program, waiver of on-site inspection, and—most startling of all—abandonment of any prospect of constructing more than a token missile defense system. These incredible terms destroy what credibility Western Europe still has in our pledge of strategic nuclear defense. The last Sum-

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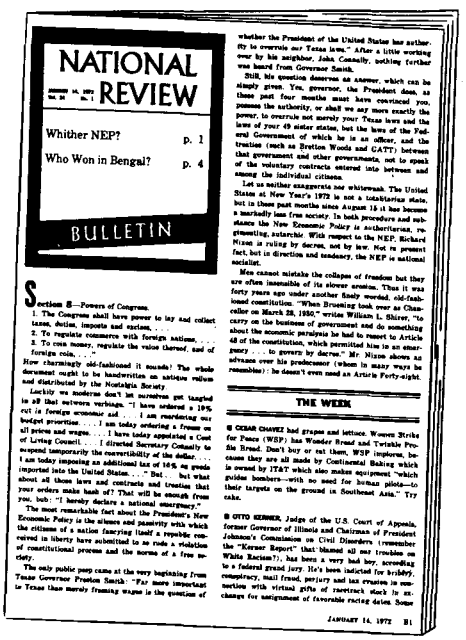
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BULLETIN

THE WEEK

JANUARY 14, 1972

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mit in Russian territory that a U.S. President attended spelled the end of freedom in Eastern Europe. Is it now to be Western Europe's turn?

There are those who say that the President has conceded so much because he has despairingly concluded that in its current internal disarray this is the best he can do, and that the situation can only be worse next year or the next; that, in short, we shall have to wait for a miracle.

Vietnam: Mid-Passage Notes

In the foreground, of course, we have the military action: North Vietnamese initial victories on three major fronts, the Nixon bombing and mining, and now, after agonizing delays, signs of stiffening on the part of the ARVN. An assessment of significance, however, requires that a number of key questions be answered, and, as of now, the answers to these questions can only be inferred. Let us dwell, however, on a kind of extended hypothesis.

1. Why have the North Vietnamese so far failed to accept the tacit surrender offered by President Nixon in his May 8 speech? Nixon promised U.S. withdrawal in four months and the cessation of all acts of force, and asked in return only a ceasefire in place, internationally supervised, and the release of our POWs. These terms, considered in themselves, would certainly guarantee the kind of "political future" South Vietnam would enjoy. Nixon did not require that the North Vietnamese withdraw from the Southern territory they now occupy. He dropped all talk of elections, of self-determination, and of South Vietnam having a "reasonable chance" for survival. Though attention here was initially distracted by the mining and bombing, U.S. comment—see James Reston, Stewart Alsop, et al.—soon grasped the real meaning of the Nixon terms. But, then, since the Nixon terms seem tacitly to concede the war aims of the North —i.e., assured political control in the South—why did Hanoi not immediately pick up the chips?

2. Closely related to this question is a second one: Why, when Nixon mined and bombed, was the Soviet response, plus the Peking response, so mild? What evidence there is suggests that both Peking and Moscow were willing to accept a Vietnamese "settlement" on the basis of the terms made public on May 8. Thus Henry Kissinger returned from his secret visit to Moscow and announced that forthcoming negotiations in Paris would be "productive," i.e., Moscow had given the green light, and Hanoi was expected to go along, accepting the surrender concealed beneath the fig-leaf of diplomacy, international supervision, and whatnot. But, unexpectedly, nothing happened in Paris; Madame Binh put the same old record on the turntable; and Administration spokesmen began loudly to berate Moscow. Then, interestingly, the anti-Soviet rhetoric abated.

Which, in turn, sheds some light on the mild Soviet response to the bombing and mining. It may be inferred that between the initial Hanoi negative to the May 8 terms and the commencement of the mining, Moscow agreed in some form to the Nixon military measures—operations perceived by Moscow as directed not so much against the Soviet Union as against Hanoi's unexpected intransigence. By its mild response, Moscow is saying in effect to Hanoi: Come on, boys, the terms are good enough. We have carried you this far, and we will not jeopardize a variety of our other interests by carrying you to the final square on the chessboard. There is no Soviet interest to be advanced by improving your already excellent military position, or in humiliating Nixon by denying him the fig-leaf of the May 8 terms.

3. But this, in turn, may provide a clue to Hanoi's intransigence. As perceived from Hanoi, the developing three-cornered relationship involving Peking, Moscow and Washington may look like a game in which Hanoi has precious little role to play. Peking has developed interests in common with Washington vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union has developed interests in common with Washington vis-à-vis China and Europe, which offset, perhaps to an increasing degree, the interests of Peking or Moscow vis-à-vis Hanoi.

At the time of Nixon's Peking visit, the question was widely asked: What did Nixon get in return for China in the UN and Taiwan out, and in return for his presumptive loss of face in going to Peking? One answer may be: an opportunity to commence the three-cornered game with Peking and Moscow.

As perceived by Hanoi, this three-cornered game could be evolving a set of relationships between Washington and Moscow (re: a medium-range period of stability in Europe; trade, especially the advanced technology which the Soviets desperately need; and arms parity) which would look more important to the Soviet politburo than the total fulfillment of Hanoi's aspirations. Indeed, the leaders in Hanoi doubtless reflect, they have received from Moscow little more than rhetorical support

"Arriving now at People's Gate 3, the imperialist tourists from the United States."

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following the May 8 speech. In the interest of the three-cornered game, Nixon was willing to subordinate the interests of Taiwan; might not Moscow, Hanoi could well reason, adopt a similar attitude toward the interests of North Vietnam?

Hanoi, therefore, may conclude as follows. Given this analysis of Soviet motives, Hanoi's diplomatic position can only become increasingly unfavorable. Even Nixon's May 8 terms, which do look like a surrender on all the crucial political points, would require some negotiation, as on the nature of the "international supervision," for example. Nixon might be able to draw these negotiations out for some time, the situation perhaps becoming murky. The best bet is to try for an unambiguous military victory now.

But here, again, complicating factors have begun to emerge. General Giap may well have begun his offensive a month or two too late, perhaps as a result of the intensive bombing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, perhaps through miscalculation. He may also have made the serious error of dispersing his attack excessively. And U.S. air attacks, now employing the laser-guided bomb, appear to have been unusually effective.

Finally, and as usual, the rainy season is at hand.

Wallace's Impact

George Wallace's powerful showing in the primaries—after his victories in Michigan and Maryland he led George McGovern by a wide margin in the popular vote—has led to a tropical growth of speculation and conflicting analysis. What effect will the Wallace factor have on the Democratic nomination, and on the national election? What will he actually do with the—perhaps—four hundred delegates when he turns up in Miami?

Stewart Alsop, savoring the paradox, thinks that George McGovern might be the man to make a deal with Wallace, if he finds himself short of the necessary 1,509 votes. He argues that McGovern, who has successfully sold himself to his followers as a man of pristine purity and principle, is, on that very account, the only one who could make a deal with Wallace and retain credibility. And it is true that McGovern, in contrast, say, to Muskie, has had some very diplomatic things to say about the discontents of Wallace's following. Hubert Humphrey, on the other hand, who is viewed by the Left as a sort of political Dorian Gray, could not accommodate Wallace without disappearing beyond recall down the Herblockian sewer. No, say others (and this is the more common view), it will be Humphrey, desperate in this his final bid, who will try to combine with Wallace in a last-ditch effort to stop McGovern. As Gene McCarthy once quipped, "Hubert Humphrey is all right, except that every time he passes the White House he has a nervous breakdown." William Buckley Jr. (see "On the Right") considers that Wallace's only genuine option will be open or tacit support of Nixon, which would make more sense ideologically, and in return for which he could exact some readily grantable concessions.

The one thing certain in all this is that a peculiar combination of circumstances in 1972 is accelerating the realignment of our political parties which, to be sure, has been under way since 1948. Whatever else he has been or is now, George Wallace has been the implacable foe of the liberal Establishment—and it is clear that there is no remaining place for him in the Democratic Party; as there is not, indeed, for John Connally. Early on in the primary campaigns, the unrequited ambition of Hubert Humphrey denied Muskie a monopoly of the Democratic center, and Muskie's own incapacities completed the dissolution of his candidacy; Lindsay's collapse, oddly contemporaneous with Muskie's, allowed McGovern to lock up the Left. And now only Humphrey remains—a frail barrier—between McGovern and his nomination: and the definitive triumph of the liberal Establishment.

Over on the Republican side, a slightly quieter reshuffling has been going forward. Goodell, Lindsay and Ogden Reid made their timely departures. McCloskey is supporting McGovern. Rockefeller has moved rightward. Connally has announced that he will vote for Nixon, and he will probably campaign for him. Though it has not been publicized, a number of prominent Democrats, from both the intellectual and the business communities, are in touch with the White House: They will be in Nixon's camp in the event of a McGovern nomination. And Wallace's crystallization of the widespread resentment that exists in the nation on questions like busing, taxation and the social issue can only sharpen the distinctions between the two parties and hasten the process of realignment.

McGovern's Elusive Economics

Senator McGovern's boozy program for redistributing wealth was too much even for *Time* Magazine, which labeled it "a radical economic scheme reminiscent of the days when Huey Long promised to make 'every man a king.'" In response to such press reports, McGovern has published a full-page ad in the *Wall Street Journal* (May 22). In it, he replies to accusations that nobody really made, against proposals he never made, e.g., an absolute ceiling on income or inheritance. Otherwise, Senator McGovern clarified some foggy statements and fogged up some hitherto clear statements.

In the *New York Review of Books* (May 4), McGovern had written: "Special loopholes, such as percentage depletion, need not be phased out. . . ." Now he tells us, "I *have* said that the present percentage depletion allowances should be 'phased out' or reduced. . . ."

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Before, McGovern had suggested "that the actual corporation income tax be returned to its 1960 level . . ." Now he says "I *have not* suggested that the present corporate tax rate of 48 per cent be increased to the old rate of 52 per cent."

McGovern had said, "A wealthy person who receives $10,000 from state and local bonds will pay no federal taxes. Clearly this system is unfair." Now he assures us: "I *have not* suggested the elimination of tax exemption for bonds issued by state and municipal governments."

A reporter would have to be awfully swift to keep up with these fluid proposals. Each week brings a new McGovern spending plan (today's is that the government pay 80 per cent of their previous salaries to unemployed defense and aerospace employees); alongside a retreat from any revenue-generating tax reform. Who is going to bear the incredible cost of McGovern's bottomless bag of tricks? It appears to depend on whom he's addressing.

Inflation

The conventional wisdom attributes rising living costs to the "monopolistic" pricing of the largest corporations. Thus, George McGovern's proposals include a "six-month wage-price and dividends freeze *in concentrated industries*" and "permanent limits on price increases *by monopolies*" (italics added). This doctrine of monopolistic inflation is so prevalent that few have bothered to check its correspondence with readily available facts.

Two notable exceptions have recently arrived. The first was an article in the spring edition of the *Public Interest* by Professor James Kuhn of Columbia. He noted that while earnings had risen about 36 per cent from 1965 to 1971 in the corporate sector (transportation and manufacturing), the earnings of federal employees in the same period had risen 51 per cent. Increases among state and local government employees were even larger, and many municipal jobs now pay 20 to 42 per cent more than comparable private employment. Success in the battle of inflation, concluded Professor Kuhn, "depends, most of all, upon moderating the rapid rise in wages of those sectors most significantly influenced by federal, state and local government expenditures—government itself, services (chiefly schooling and health), construction, and defense production . . ."

A second important article, surveying the work of UCLA economists in debunking the notion of monopolistic inflation, appeared in the April issue of *Fortune*. Gilbert Burck shows that the fastest rising prices have long been in the *un*concentrated medical, service and clothing industries. Price increases within the "concentrated" durable goods sector, on the other hand, have been at least 10 per cent *below* the average rate of inflation for at least a decade. New car prices, supposedly a prime example of a "shared monopoly," have risen only 13 per cent from 1966 to 1971, while the consumer price index rose by 25 per cent.

All this should come as no surprise to NATIONAL REVIEW readers, since we've been pointing it out since last September. But it should prove increasingly embarrassing for those who have been using "monopolies" as the excuse for price controls. "There are many misfortunes that can befall an economist," wrote McGovern adviser John Kenneth Galbraith. "The worst by far is to have a theory in which he devoutly believes, and which is wrong, put into practice."

Chilean Notes

It is clear now that Salvador Allende's Unidad Popular coalition cannot withstand the electoral process as evidenced by its fourth defeat in as many months in the election at the prestigious University of Chile. In Congress, where the opposition holds almost a two-thirds majority, Allende is hamstrung; his recent vetoes of the constitutional reforms designed to impede the UP program of state control reside now with the Constitutional Tribunal. If the Tribunal refuses to rule on them, Allende is left two options: 1) to call a plebiscite—very unlikely in the light of his faltering popularity—or, 2) to ignore completely congressional restrictions. The latter would almost certainly precipitate the confrontation every Chilean fears but which Allende may be seeking in order to justify a takeover by force. He must act soon while there is any popular support left him.

Chile's catastrophic economy has eroded UP support among the working poor. In Cautín there is civil war; small farmers and peasants have formed a Guardia Blanca to protect their holdings against both Mirista guerrillas and state expropriators. "How shall we eat?" asks a laborer whose employer's farm was "intervened." "They say this and that about the *momios* [wealthy landowners] but at least the *momios* paid us." Labor disputes at the government-controlled mines slow down the already lagging copper production and in Santiago, in the slum areas where MIR has virtually encircled the city with its armed encampments, more and more of the poor flock to *Patria y Libertad*, the resistance movement founded last year by Santiago lawyer Pablo Rodriguez.

What alienates the intellectuals, Allende's imperiousness aside, is the very, very un-Marxist materialism of

Hello? Mr. Nixon?

Hey, Mr. Nixon, as you proceed
Down the broad center, gathering speed,
Have you considered you'd be bereft
If half the center moved to the left?
Doesn't the prospect give you a fright
If the remainder moved to the right?
What about simply doing your thing?
If you've forgotten, give me a ring.

W. H. VON DREELE

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the UP bureaucracy; UP wives buying out the boutiques; flashy cars and chauffeurs; and deputies leaving their working-class neighborhoods in droves for villas in the rarified Barrio Alto. Two recent scandals implicate El Jefe directly. There is proof now that the Cuban "material" smuggled in through Pudhuel goes directly to the President. And—the affair that knocked ITT off the newsstands—the discovery that Allende's very private secretary, Miriam de Ropert, has as many as eighteen cars registered under her name and a number of apartments and houses as well. ("Cañaveral," the most resplendent, is said to be acting headquarters for Allende's personal bodyguard GAP [Grupos de Amigos Personales].) So much for Péguy's "moral revolution."

Much depends on whether Allende's assiduous courtship of the military pays off. (His latest move was to appoint Army General Pedro Palacios Minister of Mines.) But the growing ostentation of GAP, many of whom are Cuban trained and adopt a tonton-macoute image, Allende's definite if surreptitious involvement with MIR, and the disturbing number of "foreigners" at his side—North Koreans, Poles, Russians—lead Chileans to remember *quien siembra viento, cosecha tempestas.* Who sows the winds, reaps tempests. And there is on the part of the private sector a new militancy; membership swells in opposition groups like SOFAFA (Sociedad Fomento Fabril) and FRENAP (Front for the Defense of the Private Sector) and the known enrollment of *Patria y Libertad* represents only the tip of the iceberg.

Backward, Run Backward . . .

Nixon delivers: The Supreme Court has taken another step in the right direction. The Court has held, 5 to 4, that unanimous jury verdicts are not required in state courts for conviction.

What is at the heart of the Sixth Amendment's guarantee of a jury trial? A unanimous verdict, cry the anti-prosecution forces. Not so, says Justice White's majority opinion: Convictions by juries of fewer than twelve members are constitutional and so therefore can convictions by less-than-unanimous juries be. The point is that if six jurors out of six voting for conviction is constitutional, nine (three more than six) out of twelve so voting ought to be too. And now is.

The *New York Times* quoted a phrase or two from Justice Douglas' dissent but its use of ellipsis produced a wry result. "Justice Douglas," said the *Times*, "charged in his dissent that the majority had succumbed to a 'law-and-order judicial mood' to make a 'radical departure from American traditions.' " Just so. The law-and-order mood is a radical departure, at least on the Supreme Court, and that aspect of the case is gratifying enough. But there was an added attraction from Justice Powell. Justice White said in the Court's opinion that the unanimity requirement had been deliberately left out of the Sixth Amendment. Justice Powell, however, claimed that the Sixth Amendment's guarantee does include the requirement of a unanimous verdict but the Justice joined the majority nevertheless. The significance of his action is that he does not seem to require that this portion—and others?—of the Bill of Rights be applied to the states through the mechanism of the Fourteenth Amendment. And that is a giant step. Backward. Toward peace in the streets. For a generation?

Age of the Bomb

And now they're even putting them in the Pentagon, f'goshsakes. The Pentagon is pretty easy to get into (easier, they say, than the State Department), especially if all you want to do is leave a package in the nearest washroom. But then, the whole country is readily accessible to bombers. We respect privacy, so it is easy for the bomber to build his device in some hidey-hole, then carry it through the streets without fear of arbitrary search and place it in the target building. Bombers typically work alone or in small groups; the authorities may plant an informer in a group, but juries don't like informers. Explosives are relatively easy to make; the cruder types can be bought like popcorn. Add to all this that nowadays bombs can be made virtually undetectable, and you begin to get an idea of the dimensions of the problem. Last week's blast in the Pentagon was the 63rd bombing of a federal installation since January 1970. In the first four months of 1972 there were 607 bombings (ten killed, 56 injured) in the United States, of which it is estimated half were "politically motivated." Clearly bombs are the thing on the ultra-radical Left; deliberate provocation of official violence by large crowds is passé (too hard to recruit foot-soldiers for the counterarmy). It is significant that the wave of bombing began in August 1970 (with the destruction of the Army Math Research Center at the University of Wisconsin), three months after Kent State.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I embrace you, fellow American, in the name of Apple Pie, General Patton, and all else that is near and dear to the hearts of true Americans everywhere—and there's good reason to believe that they are everywhere, albeit uninvited, unwelcome, etc. etc. but there nonetheless, and let us be perfectly clear on this point, we are with them as they are with us. Together, United, Indivisible, gathered oops for In Spirit All beneath that mumble intercontinental wonder of a flag . . .

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OLD GLORY

salute salute
(sustained cannon boom)
and a solemn genuflection in the general direction
of Reverend McIntyre.

touché

Even

I'm easily satisfied. Actually, a feeble repartée, small repayment, sir, for those excruciating, though interesting, hours and hours of endless Wm. F. Buckley slurred syllables and sophistic linguistic acrobatics—ick ick—that I subjected myself to in years gone by, suffering not a little. As to your ideological madness—not a word—the definition of same is contained within the great pool of evolutionary politics or p'raps in the, as yet, undeciphered yawn of an unknown tadpole in an undiscovered primal mudhole—one cannot know, can one? Pax (la guerre?) Brrrp.

Business and Main Reason for Writing This Letter Dept: In re letter and "bargain" offer for *NR* magazine —I'd like a subscription. I'm a mark for magazine pushers—it has nothing to do with your terrible salesmanship. Attached hereto is that little card with a check (✓) in the "Bill me later" box. Bad Keynesian economics but necessity dictates that particular box as my choice er as I am quite without any great reserves of l'argent at the moment or any little reserves for that matter, in fact quite penniless. In any event the corruptive powers of money are well documented, so, if you'd care to send me a check for $6.95 along with my subscription I'll not quibble with you. In the immortal words of François Rabelais I rest my case—he said "who who who are these people, who are they?" One last thing—why did I get two identical "Bargain" offer kits, two envelopes, letters etc? Playing on my schizies? Gimicckry? Poof.

You needn't send a check. I'll pay—in time. Should New York zap my innocent body before I can, I'll leave you my Allen Ginsberg poem books.

Yrs Truly
Charles Culhane
13720 Death Row
Stormville, New York 12582

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In my American History class the Wage Price Commission was mentioned in our discussion of modern politics. We talked about awhile and soon realized that out of a class of ninety people, none of us knew what it did or who it was responsible to. (Someone suggested Gus Mutscher?)

As I am the only person in our high school who takes *NR* I realized you were the one person who might possibly know the answers to these two questions. We really need help and I hope you will supply it.

Maranatha,

Henter Tapscott
4625 Everest Dr.
Ft. Worth, Tx.

P.S. You don't really believe nothing is absolute, do you?
P.P.S. *Surcease* was warm and human; very enjoyable.
P.P.P.S.: I would like to send some money to help *NR* but $7.98 worth of library fines just ate up what little I had.
P.P.P.P.S.: What *did* happen between the Kennedys and Vidal? I haven't been able to find out and you mentioned it so tantalizingly.
P. etc.: Is it true you and Jack Anderson are the only people in the country who know what's going on?
P. etc. What do you think of Ayn Rand? (If that's not being too personal.)
P. etc. and lastly, why don't you run for President? You wouldn't win but at least some people would start thinking.

Dear Maranatha:

The Cost of Living Council, Pay Board and Prive Commission are independent agencies, responsible to no-one (like the Federal Reserve, which tends to pull in the opposite direction). Results to date: rate of increase in the consumer index during the first quarter of this year was 50 per cent larger than in the six months preceding the freeze . . . No, I wouldn't not be caught dead not believing that nothing is absolute . . . Glad you liked it . . . Please don't fritter away any future contributions to NR *. . . Vidal misbehaved at the White House and was tossed out by RFK . . . Jack Anderson only knows for sure what knowledge I share with him . . . De mortuis nil nisi bonum . . . Maybe too many people are thinking already. Cordially,* —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

If it be true that resorting to the use of foul language is the result of a poor vocabulary, what is your excuse.

Sincerely yours,
Elevra M. Scorpio
Johnston, R.I.

Dear Mrs. Scorpio: Knowing just what word to use. Cordially, **—WFB**

Watching CBS

Between Anloc and QE-2,
They let us passive captives view
A Chinese kindergarten class
That has them worried back at Tass.
The Russians worry so, you see,
Because they know from history
(Their own and Hilter's) that a child
So fashioned may be safely filed.
No, CBS withheld its views;
Its function's to present the news.

W. H. von Dreele

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No Substitute for Defeat

FOR A FEW DAYS after the start of the President's mining-bombing operation the public response was confused and sometimes hysterical. The operation was viewed with alarm as a drastic re-escalation of the war, an open-ended commitment to permanent combat, and a nuclear-arms-rattling confrontation with the Soviet Union. This impression, however, was the result more of the President's strident rhetoric than of his strategy. Wall Street was first to recover from the momentary shock. Within a week or so the more astute political commentators in both Europe and this country converged on an analysis along the lines presented in *NR*'s last issue: "The President . . . wants out. His military action . . . is a screening move for his political proposition. He is asking Hanoi, Moscow and Peking to get him off the hook. He offers to meet, in substance, Hanoi's terms. . . . He begs only that our withdrawal from the contest be carried out according to a protocol that can be publicly labeled 'peace with honor.'"

In his *Newsweek* column (May 22) Stewart Alsop puts it this way: "For more than a year now, [the President] has been asking from the North Vietnamese only a translucent fig-leaf to cover a total American withdrawal from Indochina. He has been asking for an agreed exit that could be made to look, if not exactly honorable, at least not downright indecent." Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber calls his column in *L'Express* (May 8-14) "A Letter to Americans" and begins: "There now comes for you the hour of defeat. We Europeans have so often known its bitter taste, the human tensions and the political convulsions it brings, that with all our hearts we are with you in this unprecedented experience for your country." The *Guardian* (May 20) is blunt: "Two things are apparent—that the United States has lost the war and that Hanoi is firmly in the ascendant."

The United States intervened in South Vietnam with the objective of preventing its takeover by organized Communist power based locally in Hanoi and supported by Moscow and Peking. The U.S. opposed the takeover, a) because it was judged to endanger major U.S. interests and, ultimately, global peace and stability; b) because the U.S. is against the forcible imposition of a regime on a people or nation counter to their own will; c) because in the case of Indochina the U.S. had specific treaty commitments as well as implicit obligations from its role as victor in the war against Japan. These considerations, which motivated and justified the geopolitical objective, seemed and seem to me convincing.

Why and Wherefore

Now, however, the President, as commander in chief and chief executive, has abandoned the objective. Moreover, by his policy of détente with the primary centers of Communist power, and more particularly by his gushing manner of carrying out that policy, he has abandoned the political and moral considerations that justified the objective. To exchange fulsome toasts with Chou and Brezhnev at the same time that you are dropping square miles of bombs on junior camp followers of Chou and Brezhnev is a political contradiction and a moral offense.

When fighting no longer has political meaning, it becomes butchery. Commenting on President Roosevelt's failure to bring the war with Japan to a close following the battle of Leyte Gulf, General J. F. C. Fuller writes: "What the scalpel is to the surgeon war should be to the statesman, and whatever the causes of the war may be, should the aim of the statesman be purely destructive, then the activities of the soldier will become those of the slaughterhouse. . . . To be a sane political instrument, war demands a sane political end, and to be attainable that end must be strategically possible."

In the present case it is not necessary to discuss whether the end is or was (as I believe it certainly was, and conceivably even still is) strategically possible. Since the end to which the military action was the means has been renounced, it is now irrelevant. "The game is lost in Vietnam," Servan-Schreiber sums up. "It's time to quit."

Having conceded abandonment of the objective, Mr. Nixon has been stressing a new aim and justification of continued fighting: "American honor" and "necessary respect for the Presidency." Apart from strategic and political fact, such phrases are empty. And the lines become blurred between "honor of the nation," "respect for the office of the Presidency," and "respect for the person of Richard Nixon."

The only remaining strategic objective is to get out. The problems from here on are tactical, not political or strategic. The tactical problems are, it is true, formidable enough in their own right, in spite of the chatter of doves about "immediate pullout." What honor comes down to in connection with the tactical problems is, 1) getting our own people safely out (what idiot conceived the idea of withdrawing virtually all combat forces while leaving behind tens of thousands of hostages?), and 2) offering or arranging refuge for those South Vietnamese whose constancy as our allies has made them Communist targets.

The Unsweetened Pill

Negotiations are surely going on in half a dozen places. Quite possibly the war will be shut off more quickly than the current expenditure of firepower would suggest. This depends on the estimate of the present situation made by the Hanoi politburo. Mr. Nixon has offered Hanoi all it needs but not quite all it wants. If, therefore, Hanoi judges the military situation still favorable it will go for what it wants; otherwise, it will settle for what it needs. The bombing and mining of North Vietnam probably doesn't affect Hanoi's estimate either way, but the tactical bombing in the southern combat areas may.

Meanwhile the best service Mr. Nixon could do for the nation's honor and the respect for his office would be to drop his hypertrophied rhetoric and tell us in plain words the simple truths about what is going on. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Glasgow's New Lord Rector

COLM BROGAN

LAST WEEK James Reid delivered his address to Glasgow University as its Rector. As might have been expected, his subject was "Alienation." The election of Councillor James Reid as Lord Rector would have raised many eyebrows a few years ago. Until quite recent times the Lord Rectors, elected by the students, were men of eminence in politics or literature or war. Among those who wore the Rector's gold-barred gown in the nineteenth century were Sir Robert Peel, Disraeli (who defeated John Ruskin) and Gladstone. Dickens was beaten by Bulwer-Lytton, but as the election took place just after his marriage bust-up, there was probably an element of moral censure in the voters' verdict. In the present century, Rosebery, Bonar Law, Baldwin, Field Marshal Smuts of South Africa and President Poincaré of France have all delivered the rectorial address. Jimmy Reid, the Clydebank shipworker from John Brown's yard, does not seem to fit easily into the line.

It is all the more odd that a year ago Jimmy Reid was totally unknown outside of Clydebank, except in one small though significant sphere. The crisis in Upper Clyde shipbuilding gave him his chance, and he became an instant folk hero.

The crisis affected four shipyards near or in Glasgow. It was more a crash than a crisis. Before 1914 the shipyards of the Clyde launched more shipping tonnage than all the yards of the rest of the world put together. Some of the most famous yards were on the narrow reaches of the Clyde near Glasgow. The most famous though not necessarily the most distinguished of these was John Brown's of Clydebank. After the First World War the decline of the Clyde was remorseless and steady. There were grim days between the wars, with grass growing on the idle shipways and the great cranes standing motionless.

The Second World War brought a brisk but temporary revival. After it, the yards were kept fairly busy, but on uneconomic terms. Competing against yards which enjoyed open or concealed subsidies from their national governments, the managements on the Clyde offered to build ships at a fixed price that would just be enough to pay the costs of building if their own costs did not rise and if the ships were ready at the contracted time.

Neither condition was fulfilled. The shipyard workers had a tradition of militancy they more than maintained. They struck at the drop of a rivet and insisted on a demarcation of work that left a large part of the labor force doing little or nothing for their wages. Ships were completed at a heavy loss many months after schedule, and clouds of bankruptcy settled over the upper reaches of the Clyde. In an attempt to avert total disaster, the Upper Clyde yards were joined together in a consortium by the Labor government, which advanced millions to tide the new body over. But the yards dragged on, drawing one subsidy after another until the Tory government took office. At the same time as Rolls-Royce collapsed, the Upper Clyde consortium, in spite of very recent success talk by the directors, was unable to pay the week's wages. The four yards went into liquidation.

John Davies, the responsible minister, was in a difficult situation. Unemployment in the west of Scotland was already heavy, and the loss of more than eight thousand jobs in the yards with a consequential loss of twice as many elsewhere would have been a crippling blow. The government took over responsibility for operating costs, though not for the debts of more than $75 million, and decided, in the end, that two yards might be made to pay with a reduced work force. The other two (John Brown's was one) would have to wait for private bidders.

The liquidator, acting for the government, was prepared to keep the two yards going, with a labor force of 2,500 men. All the others would be paid off gradually as the work in hand was completed. It is here that the future Lord Rector got into the act and stole the headlines. He was a leading shop steward in John Brown's, and he organized mass meetings in all the yards to institute a "work-in." The men who had received dismissal notices would ignore them and report for work each day. They would be paid by a levy on all the other Upper Clyde workers and by money raised from trade unionists elsewhere. No one was allowed into the yards except by permission of the workers' committee.

It was a splendid story for press and television. The revolutionary tradition of the Red Clyde had spectacularly asserted itself. The workers had seized the means of production in defiance of management and secured the workers' right to work. Guards were put at the yard gates and shop stewards held meetings in the boardrooms. It was social revolution, as it appeared on television.

WHAT WOULD the capitalists (i.e., the government) do? Would they call in the police, which would very likely provoke a riot and possibly a wave of strikes? The liquidator, a man with no taste for drama, did nothing at all. At least, he did the job he was appointed to do and made no attempt to interfere with the work-in, which suited him very nicely.

Inspired by Jimmy Reid and others, the men worked more steadily than they had done before. The work was set for them by management, just as before, and the liquidator paid men off as there was no further work for them. Most of them continued to come to work and to live on hardship-payments that the shop stewards collected from all over the country and from abroad. Reid and company were playing the liquidator's game while they were playing at revolution. If the liquidator had paid off a couple of thousand men at once, the hardship fund would have been as insolvent as the yards. He could have ended the work-in by not meeting the bills. It was revolution by kind permission of the tyrant.

In fact, the work-in was comic opera, deserving nothing better than a horse

(Continues on page 657)

Mr. Brogan has covered the British scene for NR *for a number of years.*

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THE BUKOVSKY PAPERS

Notes from Soviet Asylums...

1. 'Thank You, Party . . .'

Valeriya Novodvorskaya is nineteen years old. Two years ago she finished school with distinction and entered the French department of the Moscow Institute of Foreign Languages. She has written three books of poems, none published.

On December 5, 1969 Valeriya bought a ticket to the opera *Oktyabr* (October), produced in the Kremlin Convention Palace. Before the performance began she started to distribute leaflets:

Thank you, Party
For our bitterness and despair,
For our foul silence,
Thank you, Party

Thank you, Party
For the weight of doomed truth,
And for the shots of coming battles,
Thank you, Party

The girl made no attempt to hide. She passed out leaflets until the secret police led her away. At the Serbskiy Institute for Forensic Psychiatry, the "doctors" found her insane: "schizophrenia with a paranoid development of character." The only symptom cited was the strong emotion she showed when forced to answer the psychiatrists' questions.

Valeriya was not called to, or even informed of, her trial, held March 16. The prosecutor equated her actions with the act of the would-be assassin who had recently fired a shot at Brezhnev near the Borovitsky Gate. The sentence was "forcible treatment"; Valeriya is now confined in the Special Psychiatric Hospital at Kazan.

II. The SPH

Young Valeriya was in good company: Among the Soviet citizens now or until recently confined to mental hospitals are the geneticist Zhores Medvedev, who attacked Lysenkoism; the religious artist and restorer of churches Yuriy Titov, who protested the detention without trial of Jews; the hero of World War II P. G. Grigorenko, who urged withdrawal of Russian troops from Czechoslovakia; the civil libertarian Vladimir Bukovsky, who was first incarcerated in 1963 for having copies of Milovan Djilas' *The New Class* in his possession.

"Special Psychiatric Hospitals" are operated by the secret police (KGB), for "compulsory treatment" under strict surveillance. The "patient" usually first visits the Serbskiy Institute, which, according to the *Report of the First U.S. Mission on Mental Health to the USSR* (published in 1969 by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and

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quoted *in extenso* by I. F. Stone in the February 10, 1972 *New York Review of Books*), is the "most prestigious examining institution" in the Soviet Union. From the first, a prison atmosphere is evident. According to the *Report*: "It is an old building with an entrance barred by forbidding iron gates. These gates, which slide electrically along tracks to admit visitors, are part of a very tight security system, which includes the use of soldiers as guards. . . . Such elaborate precautions, it was explained, were necessary because the Serbskiy examines some of the most difficult cases in the Soviet Union." ("It is a pity," Stone growls, "no one asked whether soldiers were often called in for consultation.")

After examination at the Serbskiy (which can last as long as three or four months), the "patient" goes to one of seven SPHs in Kazan, Leningrad, Sychyovka, Chernyakhovsk, Minsk, Dnepropetrovsk and Orel, or to a "Special Psychiatric Sanatorium" in Poltava or Kiev. (Fifteen general psychiatric institutions, moreover, have special isolation wards in which dissidents are often imprisoned.)

Opinion in the West has been aroused by a stream of reports on the Soviet practice of confining perfectly normal people in psychiatric hospitals, to silence their religious, political or social dissent. In March 1971 the Paris-based International Committee for the Defense of Human Rights made public a series of documents collected by Bukovsky. (The case history above and the protests that follow are excerpted from the Bukovsky Papers.) Since then, psychiatrists and laymen all over the free world have joined the campaign. Resolutions have been adopted by the Vancouver and Canadian Psychiatric Associations. Scientists and public figures in Belgium have delivered letters of protest to the Soviet Minister of Health; at the behest of psychiatrists, the Swiss television service has aired a special program on the Soviet incarceration policies. The World Federation for Mental Health, meeting in Hong Kong last year, added its voice. Amnesty International has interested itself in the matter.

THE WORLDWIDE protest movement met with a serious setback last December, at the Congress of the World Psychiatric Association in Mexico City. The Congress received two messages from the Soviet Union. One, signed by the nuclear physicist Andrei Sakharov and three other scientists, urged that the Congress look into "the complex of questions concerning the rights of people ruled to be mentally ill." Although avoiding specific reference to the Soviet Union, the signers remarked: "It should not be forgotten that such abuses can be practiced as a means of political persecution."

The other message appeared in an open letter to the *Times* (London) from Bukovsky, who has spent nine of his 29 years in prisons or mental hospitals. Bukovsky sent thorough documentation, including copies of psychiatrists' diagnoses of six dissidents committed to mental hospitals. He asked: "Do the above-mentioned diagnoses contain enough scientifically based evidence not only to indicate the mental illnesses described in the diagnoses but also to indicate the necessity of isolating these people completely from society?" Forty-four British psychiatrists replied that the diagnoses appeared to have been "made purely in consequence of actions in which they were exercising fundamental freedoms," and joined Bukovsky in urging that the matter be brought before the Congress in Mexico City.

In his opening address, Dr. Ramon de la Fuente, President of the Congress and President-elect of the Mexican Academy of Medicine, alluded to the question of political incarceration. "To keep silent about such an ignominious situation," he said, "would weigh heavily upon our conscience." But the Congress kept silent—even after a pamphlet detailing the British psychiatrists' findings was distributed, even after the Soviet Human Rights Committee (a dissident group) released an appeal on the eve of the meeting, describing the role of the leader of the Russian delegation in the Medvedev case.

That worthy, Dr. Andrei V. Snezhnevsky, led his delegation out of the hall as soon as a demand was made that the Congress oppose commitment of political dissenters to mental institutions. The alleged reason for the walkout was the lack of an official interpretation into Russian. Dr. Snezhnevsky told a reporter the appeals were "a maneuver of the cold war, carried out at the hands of experts." So much for the Mexico City Congress.

III. All the Vices . . .

According to a recent Associated Press dispatch from Moscow, "hundreds of mentally healthy workers, students, artists and intellectuals" are in SPHs "for disagreement with official doctrine." One of them, Viktor Fainberg, who protested the invasion of Czechoslovakia, writes to the West from the Leningrad SPH on Arsenalnaya Street:

"I am appealing from an institution in which all vices inherent in a system of arbitrariness and violence over human beings are present, perhaps in the most concentrated form. An institution in which all forms of mockery are blended, beginning with the crudest up to the most refined and sophisticated, from deprivation of freedom for an indefinite time up to beatings, torture and murder. From an institution whose very existence is illegal from the point of view of both law and morality.

"I am appealing over the heads of 'competent' legal and administrative agencies of my country, because all my appeals addressed to them remained, and could only have remained, unanswered. Finally I am appealing to you because the citizens of my country who have also appealed to you regarding unlawful arrests and other violations of human rights have been sent here, to these torture chambers.

"Vladimir Borisov is here. He has been declared insane on account of his convictions. His only crime is that he appealed against the illegal arrest of General Grigorenko and others. (Grigorenko is detained in another psychiatric prison called Chernyakhovsk, where conditions are many times worse than in ours.) . . .

"There is a contradiction between existing legislation regarding forcible treatment and the legal practice. The very court verdict [formulated usually as: "case dismissed—to be released from custody and sent to forcible medical treatment"] is itself contradictory because in the hospitals of this special variety patients and political inmates are kept under custody and are subject to the same, if not to greater, restrictions than in regular prisons.

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"The above verdict is unlawful because under Soviet law 'forcible medical treatment cannot be decreed for more than two years,' while the average time of detention in a special hospital is from four to five years. Many remain there seven to nine years and in some cases ten years and more. . . .

"As soon as a political prisoner arrives in the special hospital he is given a choice: either face perpetual prison or repudiate his convictions. The female manager of the eleventh section declared in straightforward fashion: 'Your ailment is your dissident way of thinking.' . . .

"The doctors declare: 'We cure you with walls' [i.e., incarceration]. Sometimes the doctors warn the political prisoner that should he 'remain stubborn' the next commission could prescribe 'treatment' other than 'walls.' Thus, a perfectly healthy person is threatened with 'treatments' by very powerful drugs which can destroy even his psyche, subjecting the inmate to the most refined torture.

"The staff can with complete impunity forbid interviews with relatives, as well as letters from home, without notifying the correspondents. You can imagine the anxiety of the relatives and the emotional experience of the prisoners who think that their relatives have rejected them!

" 'Discipline' is maintained by an atmosphere of intimidation. Beatings are normal occurrences. After beatings come another kind of physical coercion, the prescription of powerful injections for 'disciplinary infringements.' Injections of sulphasine are used almost exclusively for punishment. This results in a temperature rise (to 104°F) and in pain at any movement for about three days. Five injections at two-day intervals are sometimes prescribed!

"There is the '*ukrutka*' [tying-up] or '*teplovlazhnoe ukutyvanie*' [warm-damp wrapping], when the patient is wrapped up in wet bedsheets, and not simply tied to the cot, but tightly wrapped with plaited fabric. The linen dries and squeezes the body like a vise (often the patient loses consciousness) and the screams of the tortured can be heard all over the ward. There have been cases when such a tying-up has been ordered for ten consecutive days!

"I hope that among the readers of this letter there will be many who have enough civic courage to protest against the very existence of penitentiary hospitals, against the shameful misuse of psychiatry and detention; brave enough to demand an immediate investigation of crimes committed here and the punishment of the guilty ones."

IV. The Grigorenko Case

On March 7, 1969, ex-Major General Pyotr Grigoryevich Grigorenko of the Red Army circulated an appeal to Soviet citizens, calling upon "all Soviet people, without doing anything rash or hasty, and by all legal methods, to bring about the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Czechoslovakia and the renunciation of interference in her internal affairs." Two months later, on May 7, in Tashkent, Grigorenko was arrested for taking part in a demonstration in support of the Crimean Tartars; he was charged with "slandering" the USSR and its social system. On October 30, 1969, Grigorenko was committed to a mental hospital for observation. On December 12, his family reported that Grigorenko had been found "insane," suffering from a "paranoid development of his personality," and had been remanded to the SPH at Chernyakhovsk for treatment, where he is still confined.

Following is part of a letter on the Grigorenko case from mathematician Essenin Volpin to the novelist Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.

"There are, after all, cases when having arrested a normal person and being unable to sentence him properly, they send him to a mental hospital by court order. In a mental hospital they can then keep a person forever. All the means of psychiatric pressure and contemporary medicine can be turned to attempt a complete transformation of character.

"Little is demanded of the patient. He has simply to agree with the correctness of the court order which sent him for forcible treatment and promise not to take part, in the future, in actions which have led up to this.

"What would such an admission mean to Grigorenko? No more, no less than the admission of insanity at the time he wrote his letters in defense of the persecuted Crimean Tartars: and also the admission of the deliberate falsity of their contents, and of all he was fighting for. Such an admission is unthinkable on the part of a man of Grigorenko's integrity and courage. But this is not all. Grigorenko's admission would mean a de facto assent to the court sentences against which he protested, because his own case was in spirit similar to that of the Tartars' whom he intended to defend.

THE LIKELY consequence would be an extension of the treatment for half a year. And so until one side capitulates, Grigorenko, by virtue of his honesty and courage, will be forced to doom himself to perpetual internment in this hospital. Even the expiration of the maximum penal term for his offense (seven years) will not help him in any way.

"This attempt—to obtain a false confession at any cost from a human being—I would call without hesitation an attempt at spiritual murder.

"One can often hear discussions about the justification of 'lying for salvation.' Is it justifiable to wring out such a lie by threats of an indefinitely long, perhaps a life-long incarceration, combined with numerous burdens, deprivations and dangers? Is it possible to regard as mentally inferior those who are able to withstand such pressures for an unlimited time?

"As for promises to change one's behavior given under such a threat, they can have no value either legally or morally. Moreover, an agreement to give such a promise can have for an honest man a most important significance—that of a complete moral collapse. No matter how one looks at this problem, it is clear that this is another attempt at spiritual murder.

"I say 'attempt,' because I know the man that Grigorenko is.

". . . Add it all up: lack of legal guarantees, uncertainty about the length of the term, pathological surroundings, fear of unknown drugs, isolation and the impossibility to do even such work as would be possible under these conditions. Imagine that you have been put in the same place and that only one thing is demanded of you—a sincere admission of the fact that they have dealt with you justly. Only having imagined all this can one begin to understand what forcible treatment is. . . ."

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V. Plea from a Little Fish

V. I. Chernyshov writes from an SPH:

"Having been buried it is hard to prove that you're alive —except perhaps if a miracle should happen and someone dug up your grave before you died for good. It is hard to prove one's soundness of mind from within the walls of a psychiatric hospital.

"I finished the mechanic-mathematic course at LSU [Leningrad State University], then worked as an instructor of math with the title of assistant in the Leningrad branch of the Moscow Institute [of technology]. I got carried away with collecting books and records, wrote poems for myself, short stories and philosophical essays. I typed up all my writings and bound them in three notebooks: poems and aphorisms, short stories and abstract dissertations, philosophical essays and statements of my ideas, of an anti-Communist nature. During my five years of writing philosophical studies I gave them to only two people. In March of 1970 I was arrested for 'anti-Soviet propaganda.' One of the readers of my writings repented at once and was given his freedom. The other, a graduate of the Art Academy, V. Popov, whose guilt was in having drawn a bookplate in my notebook, was arrested.

"In prison I was examined for thirty minutes and a diagnosis was reached: chronic schizophrenia of a paranoid type. I didn't see a lawyer, was not present at the trial and wasn't even told of the diagnosis or about the trial for a month and a half. My wife told me about it during a visit after the trial. The same diagnosis was reached for Popov.

"What can the psychiatrists say to society to prove my insanity? And it is interesting—will society say anything about me? Will those who have been my ideals of honesty and courage—the writer Solzhenitsyn and academician Sakharov—say something?

"In America Angela Davis was arrested. The whole world up to now knows about her fate, she has lawyers, people protest in her favor. But I, I have no rights, not once did I meet a lawyer, I wasn't present at the trial, I have no right to complain, I have no right to go on a hunger strike. I myself have seen how in psychiatric hospitals they tie protesting political prisoners, who refuse to take food or 'medicine,' give them a shot after which they cannot move, and forcibly feed and 'treat' them. A man called V. Borisov has protested for the past two years—they treat him with aminasin, which results in a loss of individuality, his intellect gets blunt, his emotions are destroyed and his memory disappears. This is the death of creativity: Those who are given aminasin cannot even read afterward.

"Even though I am afraid of death, let them rather shoot me. How vile, how repulsive is the thought that they will defile, crush my soul! Imagine, that they put in prison an innocent, pure young girl and told her: 'Wait. Soon they'll come to rape you.' What would she feel? But they will defile her body, and me, my soul.

"I appeal to believers. N. I. Broslavsky, a Christian, has languished here for over 25 years. And Timonin, whose guilt consists solely of having poured ink in a voting urn. They jeer at Timonin's religious feelings, they demand that he repudiate his faith, otherwise they won't let him out. Christians! Your brothers in Christ are suffering. Stand up for their souls! Christians! Do not allow them to give a healthy man drugs that will destroy his soul.

"It is impossible to disprove that I'm insane, because nobody ever proved or will try to prove that I am insane. The Communists have invented mighty means of reprisal against people who think differently. They give various chemicals to political prisoners with the aim of repressing the psyche and destroying the intellect. Statistics are gloomy—political prisoners are, on the average, kept in confinement longer than murderers and rapists. I have met murderers who are here for the third time. That means that to free a murderer is not as dangerous as freeing a man with a different opinion.

"Political prisoners, committed to psychiatric hospitals, are robbed of all rights, and are placed among lunatics and murderers; and . . . they can be kept here forever. There is one, here since 1952. And another, N. I. Broslavsky, as I already said, has been here for 25 years and four months. A member of the demonstration of August 1968, Fainberg, is kept in isolation.

". . . If they shot Gumilev—a great poet—if they kept in prison Vavilov—an academician and world-renowned scientist—then a quiver of the lashes of the KGB's eye is enough to make me, Chernyshov, who is neither great nor famous, vanish without trace. . . .

"I am afraid of death, but I'll accept it. I'm terribly afraid of torture. But there is a worse torture, and it awaits me—the introduction of chemicals into my mind. The vivisectors of the twentieth century will not hesitate to seize my soul; maybe I will remain alive, but after this I won't be able to write even one poem, I won't be able to think. I have already been informed of the decision for my 'treatment.' Farewell!"

(Note: The "treatment" of Popov, about whom Chernyshov writes in his appeal, has already started. The diagnosis is the same: chronic schizophrenia of paranoid type. The doctor suggested that his wife draw up official documents about her husband's disability, adding that Popov will have to get reclassified because after the "treatment" he won't be able to work as an architect.)

VI. A Word from Comrade Solzhenitysn

"This is how we live: without an arrest warrant or any medical reasons four policemen and two doctors arrive at a healthy man's home. The doctors declare him insane, the police major shouts: 'We are the AGENCY OF VIOLENCE! Get up!'; they twist his hands and drive him to a mental hospital.

"This can happen tomorrow to any one of us; it did happen to Zhores Medvedev—a scientist-geneticist, a publicist with a flexible, precise, brilliant intellect and a good heart (I personally know of his disinterested help to unknown ill and dying men). It is in fact because of the diversity of his talents that he was charged with insanity: 'split personality'! It is in fact his sensitivity to injustice that was mental deviation: "poor adaptation to the social environment'!

"It is about time to realize: the commitment of free-thinking people to psychiatric hospitals is spiritual murder, it is another version of the gas chamber, but even more cruel: The sufferings of those being killed are more painful and more prolonged."

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TRIUMPHAL TOUR

Wherever Zhenya goes, media and intelligentsia love the show—the "Applause" signs light up, and they obey. Never mind about Ginzburg, Solzhenitsyn et al.—they aren't Beautiful People

A Month in the Life of Yevtushenko

MAX GELTMAN

AT THE CLOSE of *The First Circle*, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn tells how a reporter in Moscow for the French "progressive paper, *Libération*," jotted down "in red ink" that the "provisioning of the capital was excellent." The correspondent had arrived at this happy conclusion after observing the many vans plying the streets of Moscow bearing the legend—in four languages—brightly imprinted on their sides: "Khleb, Pain, Brot, Bread—Myaso, Viande, Fleisch, Meat." That these vehicles of plenty were camouflaged police wagons transporting men and women on a one-way trip to hell, the "progressive" reporter did not know, nor did he care to find out.

In New York, on January 21, 1972, at a dinner and reception honoring Yevgeny Yevtushenko at the New School for Social Research where the "provisioning" was indeed "excellent," reporters for the local "progressive" press were enthralled by the poet's message of how bright life was for the artist in his homeland. To bolster the poet's evaluations, and also to put him at ease, the American poet-translator, Stanley Kunitz, pointed to the high esteem in which writers are held in the Soviet Union as compared with their lot in the United States of America. Mr. Kunitz, Tom Topor of the *New York Post* reported, "compared the fate of poets in the U.S. and the USSR," adding: "President Nixon [should] take time out from football to read poetry."

If Solzhenitsyn's "progressive" reporter did not see well, it is possible the *Post*'s reporter does not hear well. Commenting on Yevtushenko's diction, Mr. Topor said, "his English is fine." How "fine" it is I had occasion to judge a couple of days earlier when the Russian poet appeared on the *Dick Cavett*

Show. Asked by his host what he thought of American television, Yevtushenko replied: "Television, dot's goot f'rrr suckers." "For what?" asked a startled Cavett. "F'rrr suckerrrs, like how shall say, footsbol. Un'erstond?" "Oh," oh'd Cavett, "you mean soccer." "Yes, dot's how I mean." And Mr. Cavett glowed and the audience applauded, the applause signs coming up clear and demanding. Applause! Applause!

Meanwhile, on lower Fifth Avenue at the New School for Social Research, the guests were arriving two by two, as if to Noah's ark, agitated, expectant, excited but just a bit uncertain. Outside, some young people were handing out leaflets calling attention to the need to free some of the artists and scientists confined in Soviet lunatic asylums and prison camps. But the impatient guests brushed by these nagging pickets with small signs of annoyance. No albatross was going to hinder these guests from honoring one of their own, which, indeed, was the purpose of the gala.

Some two hundred came, among them the notable historians Barbara Tuchman and Arthur Schlesinger; the noted novelists John Cheever and John Updike. Music was represented by the "fey farceur" John Cage (that's John Simon's description) accompanied by the high panjandrum of radical chic, Leonard Bernstein. (Tom Wolfe was there, I hope, in a singular capacity.) The entry of little Allen Ginsberg from his urban acid pad on the lower East Side of New York created a small ripple.

The Other Ginzburgs

Someone, on his way into the grand proceedings, called out to Allen, "What about your namesake in Siberia?" But the dedicated disciple of Ommmm entered calm, unruffled, his shining Buddha-face untroubled. Perhaps he doesn't know; perhaps he doesn't want to find out. But on the evening of the grand affair in New York for Yevtushenko, Aleksandr Ginzburg was released, having completed his five-year prison sentence at hard labor in Siberia. On that same evening, too, Anya Ginzburg slashed her throat with an electric bulb to call attention to the hunger strike she and eight others were enduring in a Moscow insane asylum. And on the eve of his departure for our shores, Yevtushenko's governing board voted a sentence of total starvation for the popular lyricist and song-writer, Aleksandr Galich. The charges? That

Mr. Geltman, a regular NR *contributor, is a student of Soviet affairs.*

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he had encouraged Russian Jews to emigrate to Israel. That he was not only *not* Galich, but Ginzburg, and that he had written and sung, and the youth of Russia had joined him in singing, "*Friends go away, away, away. Some to nowhere, some to become kings . . . That's how you become wealthy, That's how you become hangmen.*" Now whom could he have had in mind? The governing board was taking no chances. And so Galich-Ginzburg was out in the Moscow cold, his union card withdrawn—"the Party card I clutch always to my heart," Yevtushenko had written—his life now a torment and a torture. But at the New School nobody wanted to hear any of this, dammit!

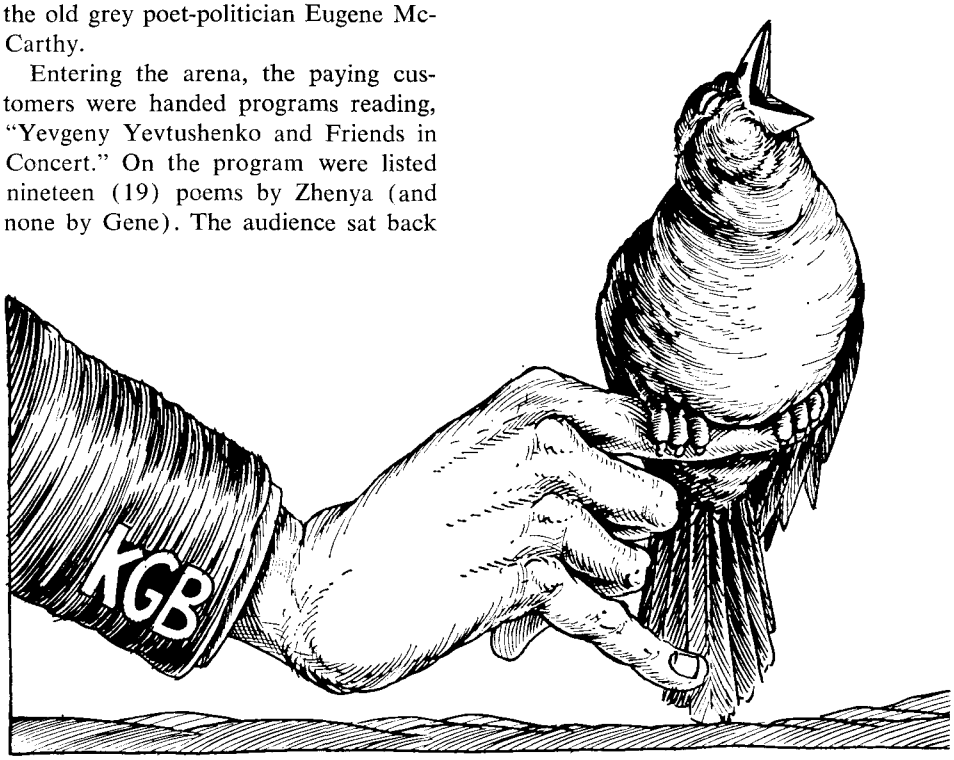
The Blockbuster

At the reception, *our* historians refused to be drawn out on the subject of crime and punishment, especially as it concerned *their* historians, Andrei Amalrik (in prison) and Pyotr Yakir (on the way to prison), the latter the son of General Yakir purged in the great purges of the late, great Stalin. Most unhappy seemed to be our two novelists who, if they ever heard of Daniel and Sinyavsky, didn't show it, behaving like two wasps in a beehive. They applauded every unintelligible remark of the guest of honor, thinking that by laughing loudest no one would suspect them of ignorance.

Enjoying it most, however, were Leo Rosten and Bel Kaufman, she the granddaughter of Sholom Aleichem who was born near the ravine at Babi Yar. They had come for the express purpose of hearing the Master—once again—rattling the dry bones of dead Jews. But their joy would have to be postponed for at least another week, when a great poetry spectacular was to take place at the Felt Forum in Madison Square Garden, with Yevgeny Yevtushenko billed to star. Soon the great day came, the day the press agents for Doubleday & Company, publishers of his newest book of poetry, *Stolen Apples*, had been beating the drums for ever since he landed at Kennedy airfield earlier in the week; the day for which all the other talk shows, readings and galas were merely prelude—January 28, 1972.

Five thousand people showed up for each of two performances at the Felt Forum. The whole Garden could have been filled. But it was enough for Zhenya—all Yevtushenko's friends call him Zhenya—and enough for Doubleday. After all, you don't sell too many books where poetry is given away free, although admission to the spectacle was pegged from $6 to $10 a concert. Not only was the big blond poet to perform, he was backed up by a rock band and the old grey poet-politician Eugene McCarthy.

Entering the arena, the paying customers were handed programs reading, "Yevgeny Yevtushenko and Friends in Concert." On the program were listed nineteen (19) poems by Zhenya (and none by Gene). The audience sat back



expectantly, tolerating the show, and all the other poems by all the other poets got up for the occasion (Kunitz, James Dickey and Richard Wilbur), but most of all they came to hear Yevtushenko read on and on and on until he finally arrived at the blockbuster of the evening—the one that usually breaks up the house—the reading of "Babi Yar."

"*In Bab-yi Yar . . . There are no mem-o-ri-als.*" A pause to let the rumbling monosyllables sink in. Suddenly he is interrupted by a *schlock* of recognition, as the audience erupts in wild applause as though he were an aging tunesmith playing on an old tin piano on the TV screen. Nodding appreciation, he plows on, flailing his arms, pointing to unseen demons in the blue cyclorama, a bastard pink spot dissolving his features, the choking gutturals extracted from a scratchy throat, pleading, imploring, cajoling, threatening, his translators cavorting on the dim-lit stage like so many prestidigitator's gnomes as the poet's voice rises to shrill crescendo, screaming, "*I crucified. I perishing.*" (At this one senses a nervous fidgeting in the crowd.) "*When the last antisemite . . . is buried forever . . . let the International ring out* [loud applause] . . . *No Jewish blood runs among my blood* [I rely here on the Milner-Gulland and Peter Levi, S.J. (sic) translation], *but I am as bitterly and hardly* [*sic*] *hated by every antisemite . . . as if I were a Jew. By this I am a Russian*" Pandemonium! But that "by this" he is also an infamous charlatan needs no further elaboration.

'Heir of Stalin'

There is no doubt—no reasonable doubt—that "Babi Yar" is a bad poem; it is an exploitative poem; it is a humiliating poem. It is a poem that suits the requirements of the KGB which has granted license to him to exploit the theme without in any way jeopardizing its rights to imprison and to bury artists, scientists and dissidents in the new-fangled ravines operated by the police-psychiatrists in the Soviet Union. And it is Yevtushenko's Writers Union (of which he is a governing member) that stands watch over these "ravines" and determines who is cast into the darkness and who is to celebrate memorials for the dead.

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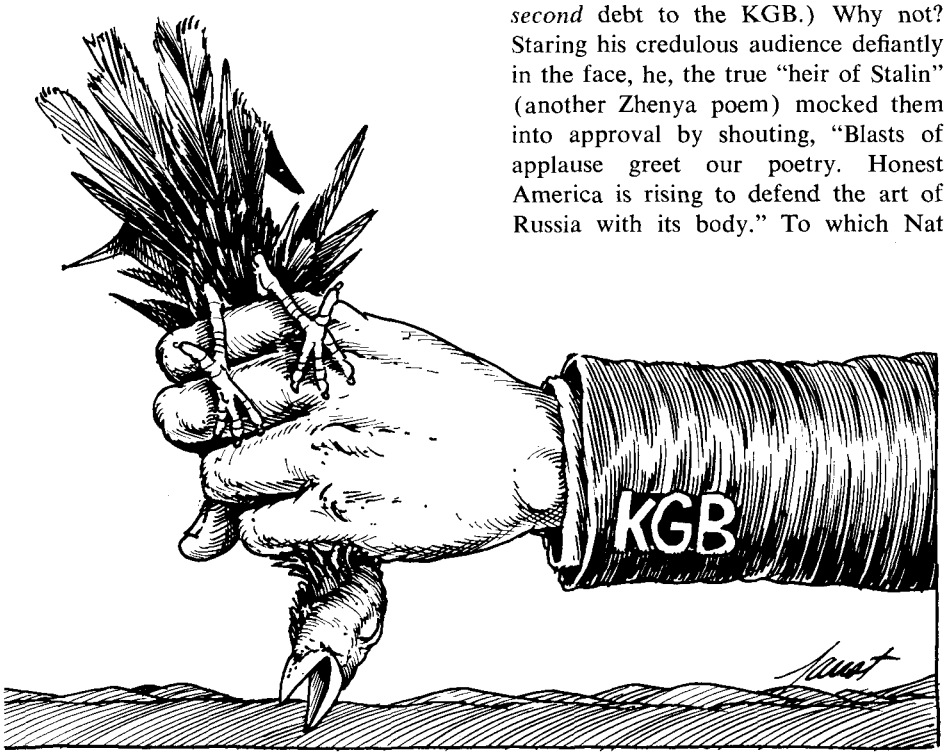
In mid-December 1971, the Governing Board of the Soviet Writers Union showed up at the funeral of Aleksandr Tvardovsky, dead at sixty-one. They came to proffer dry-eyed grief for a fallen comrade. Seeing them descend on holy ground, the outcast Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn read in loud but quavering voice a moving eulogy. Most of the words went unheeded, but they must have heard when he read in cold, crisp, accents: "There are many ways of killing a poet." (The Writers Union had forced Tvardovsky off the editorial board of *Novy Mir.*) "And now," continued Solzhenitsyn, "the whole gang of the Writers Union has flopped onto the scene." They heard, and soon one heard rumors in Moscow that the noose was tightening around the neck of Russia's Nobel laureate. But Yevtushenko did not hear the threats, nor the funeral oration. He was off on wings of flight so that he wouldn't miss the opening shot of his campaign of triple aggrandizement—for Doubleday, for Zhenya and for the KGB.



After the shattering applause had died down in Madison Square Garden, after his triumphant "Babi Yar," Yevtushenko offered an encore, made-to-order, and written in cold heat. This one was dedicated to the girl killed in the bomb explosion and fire at the Sol Hurok offices (the implication being that "anti-Soviet" forces had set the blaze). In this encore, the big blond giant of a poet juxtaposed the singular death of a single girl in New York with the millions of Jews burned to a crisp in the crematoria of Hitler. The following day *Izvestia* published the "poem" in full. (Yevtushenko had paid his *second* debt to the KGB.) Why not? Staring his credulous audience defiantly in the face, he, the true "heir of Stalin" (another Zhenya poem) mocked them into approval by shouting, "Blasts of applause greet our poetry. Honest America is rising to defend the art of Russia with its body." To which Nat Hentoff asked properly, if inadequately, "When, if ever, will honest Yevtushenko rise to defend the artists and intellectuals now in Russian prisons and asylums?"

'Penitential Masochism'

Here's a chronology. On or about January 19, 1972, Yevtushenko arrived in this country, posed for pictures in his familiar turtleneck sweater, and grinned into the video screens of the nation. In the week that followed he made many appearances on TV talk-shows, always brushing aside what he called "cold war talk," but always ready to talk about his forthcoming book and the Garden spectacular. The notion that thousands would gather to hear poetry read out loud sent sports commentators and late night Aristotles into a veritable vertigo of "penitential masochism" (in George Steiner's words). And so the buildup went on. Meanwhile, on January 15, Yevtushenko paid his *first* installment of the current trip to the KGB when *Pravda* printed his poem indicting American "atrocities" in Vietnam.

But it was not until about the time of Yevgeny's scheduled arrival here that we learned—for the first time—of the conviction of Vladimir Bukovsky to twelve years of prison and exile. About the harsh sentence meted out to this 29-year-old writer, Zhenya breathed not a word, although he knew all about it. (He knew, too, that Bukovsky had already spent some nine years in and out of labor camps and hospitals.) At about the same time, too, we learned that authors and intellectuals in the Soviet Union had been warned by the Writers Union that the "Empty Prisons" (a post-Stalin poem by Yevtushenko celebrating the fact that his beloved Russia had become "a land of empty prisons") might soon fill up to overflowing if the comrades failed to follow the Party line, a line from which Yevtushenko, beloved poet of the New School intelligentsia, has never deviated.

Selective Terror

And during the week when the first flattering reports about Yevtushenko's arrival and plans were filling the columns of the cowardly cognoscenti, the terrible news reached us that some thirteen Ukrainian intellectuals, among them Moroz, Dzyuba, Swerstiuk, Chornovil and Svitlychny had been arrested. Said Valentyn Moroz, on being sentenced to a nine-year term in prison: "Faith is born where there are martyrs. And you have given them to us. . . . To sit behind bars is not easy. But to have no respect is even more difficult."

In *Hope against Hope*, the heartbreaking memoirs of her dead husband, Nadezhda Mandelstam has written that the "sycophants" and "accomplices" of terror may well be terrified too. But she may have been wrong here. Nothing, it seems, terrifies the "sycophants" and "accomplices" of terror who gathered at the New School and the Felt Forum, even if Richard Shepard of the *Times* reported that "talking with journalists who represent the silent majority terrifies Yevtushenko." So something *does* terrify him, but not the confinement of 27-year-old Silva Zalmanson who is surely dying of neglect in a Soviet prison camp for the crime—the "cold war crime," Zhenya would call it—of wanting to depart from *his* promised land to *hers*. □

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SOVIET MEDIA WATCH

Preparing for the Nixon Visit

C. H. SIMONDS

GOOD DAY, comrade radio listeners. Today's roundtable discussion is taking place on the eve of a bright spring holiday of labor and peace —May Day. According to an old tradition, the working people of all countries are preparing to celebrate it by reviewing their battle forces in the struggle against imperialism, for peace, democracy and socialism. . . ."

And so on and on goes Gennadiy Shishkin, on Radio Moscow's morning roundtable program. The participants discuss the debate in West Germany over ratification of Willy Brandt's treaties with Poland and the Soviet Union (if they aren't ratified, "confidence in West Germany would be undermined"); recent events in Latin America, where Leninism is having "a great influence . . . on the entire present development process"; and—Vietnam: "The present actions of leaders of the American brasshats," says radio newsman Boris Dmitriyev, "like a film run backwards, make up a long chain of criminal acts and reckless actions. . . . the situation has completely changed to the disadvantage of the American aggressors. . . . This is evidenced by the successful actions of the patriots in South Vietnam. . . ."

"In connection with the present events in Indochina," says Dmitriyev, "American circles are putting out the story that the liberation forces would not be able to fight so successfully against the American interventionists were it not for Soviet aid. Defense Secretary Laird, for example, has stated that the liberation forces receive some 80 per cent of all their weapons and hardware from the Soviet Union. What is Washington really saying? Why have they suddenly remembered this generally known fact? Everyone knows that the Soviet Union is the most reliable friend of the Vietnamese people, that the Soviet Union renders them all possible aid and will render it until aggression against the people of Indochina ceases."

The magazine *Sovietskaya Rossiya* reminds its readers: "The peoples of Indochina are continuing their struggle against the aggressor. . . . In this struggle they rely on the support and aid of the Soviet Union and other socialist countries. As Comrade L. I. Brezhnev, CPSU Central Committee General Secretary, said in his speech at the Fifteenth USSR trade union congress, 'aid to the peoples of Indochina is our international duty and we shall fulfill it to the end.' "

"Aid" includes more than tanks, trucks, guns, rockets, ammunition. "Fraternal solidarity" is also important. As *Pravda* (April 14) editorializes: "The Soviet people are displaying fraternal solidarity with the heroic Vietnamese people and the Lao and Cambodian patriots struggling against imperialist aggression. The intensification of the barbaric bombings . . . of the DRV and the other countries of Indochina is giving rise to angry indignation among our motherland's working people."

Everyone gets into the act. Reports Radio Moscow: "Resolutely supporting the Soviet government's protest to the U.S. government, the sailors of the motorship *Simferopol* stated in a resolution . . . that fraternal aid to the Vietnamese patriots is our sacred international duty, despite any provocations." Typesetter G. I. Agapov of the Pechatnyy Dvor printing-house in Leningrad says, according to *Pravda*: "Every time their military and political plans fail the U.S. imperialists resort to terrorism and violence. But they will never achieve their aims, because there is no force that can break the will of the Vietnamese people." Tass reports: " 'Vietnam, we are with you!' 'Shame on the U.S. aggressors!' 'The righteous cause of the peoples of Indochina will triumph!' such were the slogans at a protest meeting of workers on the Moscow-Yaroslavl branch of the Moscow Railway against the new crimes of the U.S. imperialists."

The USSR opposes "imperialism" everywhere, of course. From Tass dispatches of one day (April 20): "The Soviet representative [to the UN Committee on Decolonization] stressed that the USSR had always supported and continued to support the just struggle of the Zimbabwe [Rhodesian] people for its liberation." . . . "Loyal as they are to the principles of internationalism, the Soviet people . . . express inviolable solidarity with the Greek democrats who are fighting for their civil rights and freedoms." . . . "The Soviet Union, other socialist countries, the world progressive public are giving all-round support to the African Party for Independence of Guinea and Cape Verde Islands in its struggle against the colonialists."

The Soviet Union, needless to say, is never imperialist. Broadcasting in Italian, Radio Moscow says: "NATO propaganda asserts that the strengthening of its southern flank will contribute to the consolidation of the security of Italy and other countries against the Soviet threat. This is ridiculous. The USSR has never threatened the peoples of the Mediterranean and has always been in favor of turning it into a sea of peace and tranquility." Two weeks later, Tass reports: "The Soviet naval squadron is currently in Casablanca on an official friendly visit. The Soviet seamen already have played host to more than 4,500 Moroccans. In the visitors' book they made entries expressing gratitude to the Soviet Union for its support for the Arab peoples' struggle against the Israeli aggression."

DREAMERS OF détente will take great comfort from the fact that nowhere in the Soviet Union's savaging of the United States and its allies is the name of Richard Nixon mentioned. The villains are always "the Pentagon," "the U.S. military," "American ruling circles." Nixon? He is soon to be a guest. Radio Moscow broadcasts a talk by a Professor Lebedev: "At the end of May, U.S. President Nixon will visit the Soviet Union. We approach the coming Soviet-American talks from practical and realistic positions." Later, the Professor explains: "Without deviating from its political principles and combining a resolute riposte to imperialist aggression, with a constructive approach toward pressing international problems, with intransigence in the ideological struggle, and with the determination to develop mutually advan-

(Continues on page 655)

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NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL TV

Drygulched at Channel 13

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

IT'S BEEN a long day and the Channel 13 special on the Radio Comedians of the Forties—Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, George Burns—might be fun. Tune in. It's a couple of minutes early and something called *51st State*, Patrick Watson, moderator, is on. It's about Vietnam. Sigh. Still all things pass . . . but not on the night of May 11, 1972, on New York's Channel 13, they don't. Channel 13 is having itself an orgy, a good newfangled hate-America, love-thy-enemy-type orgy.

8:30 comes and goes, and where are Hope and Benny? Channel 13 won't tell. What it does tell is that this is a World In Agony and this is one station that Is Plugged In to that Agony. It's devoting the evening to the war. And it is plugged in to the pulse of New York. Those telephones you see in the background, banks of them, are to record people's sentiment on the war. Are you pro-Nixon, or against? Phone (212) 554-9000, our operators are waiting for your calls. Meanwhile here are the congressmen who represent you—you New Yorkers—with their area codes, telephone numbers and the SANE rating on how they've voted on the war (twenty chances to be right or wrong). Get to it. Tell them what you think and, meanwhile, keep listening to . . .

Well, George Wald, pacifist, Harvard biologist, Nobel Prize winner, recent visitor to Peking and Hanoi, peace marcher, Berrigan-supporter, demonstrator. Bearded, with the slight air of pomposity some academicians develop. It's an immoral war, he tells us. We're fighting to prop up a corrupt dictatorship, and we must get out of it. Now. Moderator Patrick Watson, black turtleneck, longish hair, all earnest concern, interrupts to ask if there is in fact any democracy in North Vietnam. Dr. Wald responds. We've got to knock down that myth of monolithic Communism, he says. Why he even noticed differences in the operation of government in Peking and Hanoi. In Hanoi, he said, there is considerable discussion on the higher level—not of course that he means there isn't any in Red China, far from Dr. Wald be it to imply *that*. But Watson's question he hasn't answered. Moderator Watson lets it go.

Next, Richard Benjamin, actor. Who reads, solemnity itself, Tom Wicker's *New York Times* column of May 9—the day after President Nixon's mine Haiphong speech.

Watson is notified that his call to Bill Rademaekers, *Time* Magazine correspondent in Paris, has just come through. "What's the emotional atmosphere in Paris tonight?" he asks, all anxiety. "We've checked with Moscow and Peking [Pause] . . . They're calm."

Paris, it transpires is calm too, although there were some demonstrators out earlier in the day, but *Le Monde* is mad as all get out. Patrick informs Tom that London says everything is calm there too. (Sad.)

Watson checks the incoming calls (camera pans in on the telephones and teleprinters in the back). The program has been going on an hour and a half and over one thousand people have called in. Folks, the number is (212) 554-9000, and the people are 5 to 1 against the Administration. (Great.)

Here's a film clip, says John Parsons, an anchorman on the show (short, chunky, long locks, Peter Ustinovish), just processed. It shows how the man on the street feels about Nixon's brinkmanship. Let's see it, Watson orders. But the man on the street—at least those that Channel 13's TV crews have found—are 7 to 1 for the President. Stocky middle-aged man: We shudda done it long ago. Young woman in a supermarket: I'm with the President, like, he's doing all he can to get peace with honor. "But won't the bombing and mining escalate the war?" I don't know but we shudda done it long ago.

Interview with Senator Robert Dole, Republican National Chairman. A strong pro-Administration statement. No, he puts that one to rest, the Administration will not *rpt* not use nuclear weapons.

Back to Patrick Watson. He's talking to Yale psychiatrist Dr. Robert J. Lipton, author of *The Book of Birds*. *The Book of Birds* is a picture book in which a Big Bird and a Little Bird engage in meaningful dialogue. It's all highly relevant and at one point Patrick catches Dr. Lipton up.

"You're saying the President represents the people?"

Dr. Lipton: "I'm afraid he does."

Another film clip. The man on the street still thinks the President shudda done it long ago.

Moderator (stunned): "Despite what's happening in this studio tonight, the workingmen of America, the salt of the earth are saying God Bless the President."

Over and in with the National Black Theater and the War Watch (which seems to be just one group) and which presents a skit in which one actor says, "we've been working for this for a year, while America is dying. . . . We are planning an alternative to the system we live with . . ." Over and out.

PATRICK, dramatically: Quiet everyone. Cut those phones. Let's have quiet in this studio. Here's Hal Holbrook, Mr. Mark Twain himself. Holbrook is on. He says that he's always felt actors should do their work and stay out of politics. But tonight his family was upset, frightened, bewildered. I don't like this war. I see no honor in it. I've kept quiet for seven years, but this is the time for a man to speak out. It's like a big grizzly bear that sticks his paw into a hollow tree to get the honey and stirs up a nest of hornets. There's no way that big grizzly bear can get away from that tree with dignity, but if he drops the honey and runs he can get away from it with a minimum of hurt. . . . Somehow Holbrook goes from honey to dope (honey . . . honeypot . . . pot . . . marijuana . . . heroin) and tells us that "the monumental hypocrisy" of the past ten years has "sickened the souls of the youth" and turned them on to dope.

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He ends up with a quote from Mark Twain, his "Prayer to War."

Moderator: Ladies and Gentlemen—Mark Twain and Hal Holbrook, and of course you realize that Mark Twain was a satirist. That prayer for war—that eloquent prayer for war—was, get it, really a prayer for peace.

Averell Harriman (looking old, old): What we're trying to inflict on the people of South Vietnam is a military dictatorship. He believes the North Vietnamese when they say they want an independent neutral government in Saigon and after all there are plenty of governments that have had Communists in them and not gone Communist. Like . . . he finally comes up with Finland. . . . But the White House—all White Houses—prefers military dictatorships. Pakistan, Greece, all the others.

Cut to a set that looks like *Firing Line*. Two swivel chairs. In one, an actor who looks like Bill Buckley. The scene is from Gore Vidal's *An Evening with Richard Nixon and* . . . (which closed two nights later), a discussion between Pro, bad guy Buckley, and Con, good guy Vidal, and Vidal is playing himself. As Jean Kerr once noted, the snake got all the lines.

Next WNET commentator Eda La Shan. She's brought along five concerned parents. A bearded gentleman tells of driving his young son past an armory with tanks and artillery and guns. My boy, he says, is now scared of men with guns—scared of soldiers and policemen. Another has an older son (age eight) who is concerned about the war, has written Richard Nixon several times, has been deeply offended at getting form replies.

David Livingston, of the Distributive Workers of America union, just back from Peking and Hanoi (Peking-and-Hanoi are beginning to sound like a vaudeville routine). Livingston admits that trade unions in Red China are not real negotiating bodies, they are pretty much an arm of the Communist Party, he says. But things are different in North Vietnam. In North Vietnam trade unions do everything that an American union would do except—except negotiate wages, and call strikes.

A break for the news—which is not very good. The B-52s have made a number of raids described as "successful" in the Anloc area.

Patrick checks on the phone calls. My, nearly three thousand now, and the percentage is still 5 to 1 against the President. Good, good, good and keep phoning, even if it takes two hours, keep phoning (between calls to us you can phone your congressman, or even someone else's congressman).

Time for music. Guitarist Don McLean—a doleful ditty with lines like "one after another his comrades were slaughtered. . . . The earth is my grave. . . . The grave that they dug . . ."

It's Moderator time and Watson tells us that General Waste-more-land (sic), Checkers, J. Edgar Hoover, Spiro have become household words—like plunger is a household word.

ANOTHER film clip. A children's hospital in South Vietnam run by the Quakers. Women and children, we are told, have been the major victims of the bombing (although actually most of the amputees we see lost their limbs stepping on mines—some of them presumably VC mines). Never mind. The point is to show maimed children at play.

A panel of young people includes the son of General Dzu, who ran against President Thieu, lost, and was (we are led to infer) imprisoned because he lost, not because he was convicted of corruption, which is the actual case.

Moderator, serious. Very serious: This is one station's attempt to plug itself in, to find out what the people think. Gives the number again (212) 554-9000. Reports that the figures are edging up toward 6 to 1 against the President. Reports a problem. Some of the calls to WNET are being received by a hospital over in Brooklyn. But keep plugging, you people out there. We'll man the switchboards all night if necessary. ALL NIGHT!

Over to Shirley MacLaine, a grim Shirley MacLaine, reading from *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis (for purposes of positioning Mr. Lewis, he is less gloomy than Tom Wicker, more gloomy than James Reston). She reads: ". . . the bombs and shells have displaced 2.75 billion cubic yards of earth [in South Vietnam] and sprayed fragments over 26 million acres of the countryside. . . ."

Kenneth Gibson, the black Mayor of Newark, New Jersey, is at bat. Makes a couple of rather temperate black oppression statements, is generally low-keyed. Not the ideal witness from Modrator's viewpoint, but it enables them to show a film clip of demonstrations in Newark that afternoon. Crowds of young people, arms locked, marching down a broad avenue six, eight, ten abreast chanting with a jolting rhythm their eloquent protest. "1 2 3 4, We Don't Want No F---ing War." Picture of a spectator, with a small American flag. Why are you here? he is asked. "I am here to protest the protestors. I'm just an ordinary citizen who wants peace with honor." Yes, "and we shudda done it long ago."

John Parson, the other anchorman, is interviewing Pete Hamill of the *New York Post* ("We are better off in America with J. Edgar Hoover gone," Hamill had written earlier that week), who turns out to be the voice of moderation tonight—he plays it cool, is unstrung-out. The interview is interrupted by a news bulletin. What's this? North Vietnamese units are reported packing up and retreating at several points.

Moderator: "Sounds like a victory . . . but [of course, he interjects] those reports are coming out of *our* side of the war."

Channel 13's poll is now 6 to 1 against the war. Patrick reminds us that the White House figures show the people 6 to 1 *for* the President, even after the mining of Haiphong harbor. But, then "no one quite believes what comes out of Washington [do we now?]." Watson reminds us once again of Mark Twain's elegant "Prayer to War"—you can see Hal Halbrook's mea culpa really got to him—and stresses that it was meant in irony—irony.

And it's Jules Feiffer's turn, the left cartoonist who used to be funny before he got religion. Feiffer wants us all to see his latest cartoon sequence, so he holds up the blown-up frames, one by one.
Frame 1—See the President (drawing of the President)
Frame 2—See the President and his advisers (drawing)

(Continues on page 655)

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LETTER FROM VIETNAM

The Defense of Hué

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

HUÉ, May 23. Under a blistering sun, the serene world of imperial palaces, palm trees and multitiered pagodas is shattered by the roar of artillery and the thunderclaps of streaking jets. This is Hué, the old imperial capital, one of the most beautiful cities of Vietnam. Pink houses line broad tree-shaded avenues now full of military trucks trailing black smoke. The population—200,000 in normal times—has shrunk to 75,000, plus the thirty thousand defenders.

Those who stayed behind—because they were too poor, too sick, too old or simply too tired to keep running—have little illusion about their fate if the city falls. None has forgotten the Tet offensive of 1968 when North Vietnamese murder squads roamed the streets. Three thousand people were killed, many of them executed in the main square next to the tomb of Vietnam's unknown soldier. The stakes used by the firing squads still stand, as grim reminders.

Most observers here don't believe the Communists plan to stage a grab-and-run operation this time. They are convinced that the North Vietnamese want to take and hold Hué for psychological as well as strategic reasons, and that they will take their time in preparing the assault.

The citadel, the old forbidden city where Vietnam's emperors once reigned, bristles with heavy artillery, 105-mm. howitzers, machine gun emplacements and tanks that mingle incongruously with palaces, museums and manicured gardens. Most of the shops are barricaded as are schools, restaurants and bars. Shots ring out intermittently at night as nervous guards patrol the river.

The main South Vietnamese forces—the ARVN—are well entrenched on the Mychang river line twenty miles north of the city. Their forces include the crack ten thousand man First Division, twelve thousand Marines, three thousand men of the airborne brigade, plus assorted regional and militia forces.

South Vietnamese commanders are counting heavily on a new antitank weapon, TOW, which arrived recently in Vietnam. It is launched from a tube, has electronic impulses that zero in on target, weighs 54 pounds, has a range of nine thousand feet and can be mounted on a jeep or a helicopter. It is just now being tested in the field, and it seems to work. There is a junior version of TOW small enough and light enough to be carried by an infantryman, but capable of knocking out a heavy tank at close range.

The attacking Communist divisions are poised north and southwest of Hué. But massive B-52 strikes in the Ashau valley to the west have given rise to rumors that the attack may come from that area. The North Vietnamese have a network of sanctuaries bordering the Laotian frontier and General Giap could be moving in reinforcements and supplies along this route.

Will Hué hold? One very highly placed military source says yes, it will; others are less sure. A reasonable bet would be 6 to 4 that the city will hold. How long will the siege continue? Again, there is no definite answer, but as long as the air strikes continue it will be hard for the enemy to take Hué. A first major probe testing the defenses was repulsed, but it could signal the start of the long awaited assault.

Had that assault come three weeks ago, Hué would have fallen. Air cover at that time was hampered by the flow of refugees. Morale was low and the over-all leadership was shaky. But the situation is better today, certain aspects of it anyway. General Truong, Hué's new commander, is a good soldier, and would be in any army. The untested troops have seen that the North Vietnamese can be stopped, and morale has improved.

Although the sudden crossing of the DMZ caught the South (and the U.S.) napping, General Giap failed to follow up the initial breakthrough with a knockout blow at Hué. Was it that he was too cautious, or perhaps that he had out-run his supplies? No one is sure. But there are indications that Giap's troops are unable to improvise. The army of North Vietnam is run on Prussian lines and is perhaps too rigid to exploit openings, to mount dashing Patton-like offensives. This in turn raises questions in some quarters as to the ability of the North to pursue a conventional war. Their stop-and-go tactic consists of first taking an area, then pausing to set up a provincial government (and incidentally to get rid of political opponents) and then waiting for clearance to move on.

If a general's greatness is measured by his willingness to sacrifice troops, then Giap must be very great indeed. His army has taken a tremendous pounding, but still it comes back for more. From a sandbagged bunker at Mychang, I watched Phantoms deliver strike after strike that not only failed to dislodge the NVA gunners under attack but drew fire as the jets dove to plaster their position with napalm.

At Firebase Birmingham I watched the interrogation of a fourteen-year-old sapper. He had not eaten for three days, he said, and he had been told that he would have to continue to fight even without ammunition. His company commander had asked permission to withdraw and had been refused.

THE OFFICER in charge of Firebase Birmingham is the youngest colonel in the ARVN and has the unlikely name of Mao. He's been wounded eight times, and decorated nearly as often. Where he goes, his troops follow. An exceptional officer, but the ARVN has too few like him.

Joe Fried, a correspondent's correspondent and a man who has forgotten more than the experts will ever learn about Vietnam, had this to say about Saigon's chances of survival: "We have taught the South Vietnamese to rely on mechanization rather than resourcefulness, as the Laotian invasion so painfully proved. When bad weather hampered air support, the foot soldiers went to pieces. Air power is no substitute for will power. Bombs make holes in the ground, but men hold ground. This invasion, like the Tet offensive, might be a blessing in disguise if it can shake Saigon out of its lackadaisical attitude. The reshaping of the army—appointing able commanders in the field—and continuous air support, are the two absolute musts for survival." □

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WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

The 'Energy' Crisis

EVERY schoolgirl can tell you about the energy crisis. We are running out of coal, oil, natural gas, hydroelectric sites. Or, if we have these in good plenty, then we cannot use them at the rate we have been accustomed to, because to do so would contaminate the planet beyond the limits of life. Or, if we can find clean fuel, we cannot develop it soon enough to stave off a gigantic shortage of power. Or, if we do indeed find clean fuel and develop it soon enough and cheaply enough to be within the reach of all of us, then we shall refuse to do it anyway, because the name of that power is Atomic Nucleus, and he is a debbil.

Clearly there is a crisis having to do with the production and distribution of various forms of physical energy. That crisis, however, has little to do with the technique of finding and generating usable power. It is a crisis of the understanding: It is a crisis of the failure of government intervention: Read on.

Between 1850 and 1930 we used three main forms of fuel in this country—coal, oil and natural gas. These three fuels enjoyed almost identical growth rates. They competed fiercely in an unhindered free market.

Enter the Federal Government, in the year of Our Lord 1938, with the passage of the Natural Gas Act, which gave the Federal Power Commission the authority to fix prices on the interstate transportation of natural gas. Naturally the Federal Government wanted to appear to be doing the voter —excuse me, I should have said the Consumer—a good turn; so it dictated very low rates for natural gas. Naturally the previous rates permitted the producers to lay aside a portion of their revenues to take care for the morrow: to find new pools of reserves. Naturally, when the producers are forced by government to sell at lower prices, there is less ability to find new sources of product. Naturally the ratio of reserves to production fell—from 30 to 1 in 1948 to 24 to 1 in 1958 to 15 to 1 in 1968.

Naturally the producers of natural gas sought to avoid such a government-decreed disaster. They turned away from interstate sales and began operating wholly within the boundaries of the states producing natural gas. Naturally this led to a "shortage" of natural gas in the other states—along the Eastern Seaboard, for example. In response to this "crisis," the Federal Government naturally removed the East Coast import restrictions of residual oil. Naturally the East Coast became dependent upon Middle East oil for the great bulk of its needs, for 94 per cent to be exact. Naturally the outlook for East Coast energy supplies is in the hands of Moscow and Cairo. Is this what is meant by an energy crisis?

AS TO COAL, enter the Federal Government once again, with the long-term campaign by the Atomic Energy Commission to the effect that atomic power would be available in a jiffy to supply all our needs for all our appliances now or ever to be dreamt up, forever, Kingdom come, and so on. Naturally, with the prospect of cheap nuclear fuel being available in universally satisfying quantities within two years, the electric utility companies, which had been the biggest users of coal, stopped signing long-term purchase contracts for coal. Without long-term sales contracts, the coal companies could not lay their hands on long-term loans to develop new sources of coal, to invest in new machinery for working old deposits, to rebuild old mine works. . . . Naturally thousands of miners lost their jobs, companies went out of business by the score, and mining towns all over Appalachia crumbled (naturally the Federal Government announced a costly Welfare Program for these poor victims of, uh, the free-enterprise system).

And oil. Probably only narcotics are more harried and hounded in the channels of commerce. Oil has to seep under quotas and flow out over export restrictions. Foreign investments are regulated and rationed. Capital repatriation is hindered. Taxation is simply incredible: When you pay 40 cents for a gallon of gasoline, you're paying something like 30 cents in taxes and 10 cents for the product you're ordering in the market. Naturally, with government intervention and taxation at every turn of of the drill, at every loop in the pipeline, the price of oil goes up up up.

But these are dirty fuels anyway, and it would be just as well if the Federal Government outlawed them, right? Let's look at clean fuels then. Hydroelectric: far from developing the cleanest of all fuels, the Federal Government is placing mile after mile of rivers in "nature" preserves, parks etc. I like parks too. Then there's that wonderful clean-burning fuel that leaves no polluted residue, exists abundantly in nature, and is easily transported: It is named natural gas, and the government has stomped on it (see above). Then there's low-sulphur coal. This coal leaves less than half as much sulphurous residue as the normal coal. In Utah and neighboring states there are billions of tons of this clean fuel, existing in nature, easily transported and all you need is the permission of the Federal Government to go there and start digging. Unfortunately (I should have said: "naturally") the Bureau of Land Management of the Department of the Interior has stopped issuing leases or prospecting permits—hasn't issued a single one since February 1971. Wouldn't want to spoil the scenery.

What more natural, then, when the government makes it impossible to develop new sources of energy, than that there should eventually be an "energy" crisis? And it will seem perfectly natural and reasonable, when the crisis arrives, for the Federal Government to set up an agency to ration the use of fuel. Since this rationing system will strike at every household in the nation (yes: even scouts on Jamboree use Sterno), and at every place of business, and at every industrial plant and school and hospital . . . there will be an energy crisis, naturally. Question: Would freedom do worse? □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Service.

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BOOKS

What's Right about America

Nine Lies about America
By Arnold Beichman
Library Press, 314 pp., $7.95

MAX GELTMAN

In June 1971, Arnold Beichman wrote an article for the *New York Times Magazine* calling attention to what seemed to him a baffling phenomenon: the fact that certain Americans told more lies about America "than were ever dreamt of in Moscow, Peking or Havana." What was striking about the exposition was that the author took a grim view of the matter without suggesting what precisely brought on the attack of choler among our intellectuals, the culprits under fire in the present enlarged version of the original article.

Now it has been observed by others, this writer included ("Mau-Mauing the U.S.A.," *NR*, January 21), that the passion of Americans to poor-mouth their native land is at least as old as the Republic. Europeans, critical of the way we do things, often find it profitable to join in, as was noted by Dickens, Wilde, Shaw, the latter convinced that it was about the only way a poor young writer abroad could attain instant riches. Not from the European market, God forbid, but from Americans who have a capacity for absorbing insult even of the rudest variety, enough to set the delicate Oscar Wilde's teeth on edge.

Except for the current enormity of it, however, it is nothing new. What is new is what Sir Winston Churchill discovered prior to World War II, namely, that when it comes to sheer ruthlessness and deception, none can compete for defamation with the "bloody-minded professors," his term for the intellectuals. The treason of the intellectuals is not a new theme either. Many words have been spilled in trying to explicate the phenomenon, but most critics have been content to point up the absurdities, the follies and the outright lies, as if the mere piling up of evidence would serve to tell us *why* the intellectual behaves as he does.

Beichman, for instance, quotes Harvard Professor Andrew Hacker's contempt for the "ordinary citizen" in these words: "The egos of 200 million Americans have expanded to dimensions never before considered appropriate for ordinary citizens." Considered by whom? And how does he know it is not 199 million but 200 million—did he take a head-count? To all of which the author quotes Orwell by way of commentary: "You have to belong to the intelligentsia to believe things like that: no ordinary man could be such a fool."

True. But why then are the intellectuals privileged to subvert the intelligence of their students and to defame the character of their nation? It is no

answer to say with André Breton that "we [the intellectuals] are possessed by a will to total subversion." Nor will it do to quote Schumpeter who tells us: "Unlike any other type of society, capitalism inevitably and by virtue of its civilization, educates and subsidizes a vested interest in social unrest." Certainly Professor Robert Paul Wolff is not unaware of the Schumpeter thesis when he philosophizes that "anyone who imagines that the United States is the land of opportunity . . . is a candidate either for a mental hospital or for Richard Nixon's cabinet." Or when he says: "Who but a university these days would hire Herbert Marcuse, Eugene Genovese or Harrington Moore Jr.? Where else are anarchists, socialists and followers of other unpopular persuasions accorded titles, honors and absolute security of academic tenure?" Of course, André Breton never expected the nation (or the university) to subsidize his subversions. What *is* new is that our subversive intellectuals not only accept the Schumpeter thesis—they live by it, and very comfortably at that.

MR. BEICHMAN, who is himself a member of the academy (he lectures at the University of Massachusetts), has nevertheless done a considerable service to the land he loves, not only by telling us what's right with America but exposing the "lynchers" of the nation, those especially who think they are engaged in the "greening" of it when as a matter of fact they serve largely to fasten the rope to the gibbet. The only flaw I find is a dull "Dear Jimmy" letter, addressed to James Wechsler of the *New York Post*, a kind of erratic indulgence, since Wechsler is closer by temperament and style to the greening lynchers of the land than to the author of *Nine Lies about America*.

To make up for this slip in an otherwise sane and wholesome book, we are offered a Foreword by Tom Wolfe that is a masterpiece of urbanity and cutting wit as he applies his literary scalpel to

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the intellectual frauds who make up Beichman's personae. As an added bonus, Wolfe provides us with a refined understanding of Jean-François Revel's *Without Marx or Jesus*, which he ties in—miraculously and beautifully—with the catalog of sins (and sinners) compiled by the author. All in all, a very valuable book, and one I wholeheartedly recommend. □

FICTION

The Life Guard
By John Wain
Viking, 172 pp., $5.95

The German Lesson
By Siegfried Lenz, translated by Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins
Hill and Wang, 471 pp., $8.95

Not To Disturb
By Muriel Spark
Viking, 121 pp., $5

Trouble at the Top
By Charles Bracelen Flood
McGraw-Hill, 272 pp., $6.95

WHEN THEY ARE GOOD . . .

D. KEITH MANO

There are seven stories in this collection by John Wain. The first three are so insufferably fine, so dense with essential meaning, that they commit fratricide. Their four latter brothers are annihilated. The watershed after number three is steep, radical: there might as well have been two John Wains, or three, or five. Pace flags, out of breath; universals pass the baton to interesting trifles—odd character delineations, parochial humor, the professional writer's very circumscribed milieu. And the last four stories, mind you, are quite good. But they've got an insuperable act to follow.

"The Life Guard," "While the Sun Shines" and "The Innocent" are rapes of the spirit: I capitulated, lay back, enjoyed. Things happen in these tales, things with a terrific consequence. The title story is as dynamic, as unresolved, as a bad dream; it leaves residual morning tics of fear. The second is harrowing (in two senses), triumphant. The third, wistful and profound. In each a man is challenged by death. Three men, three answers: broken resignation, sexual power, the release of mystery. I am handicapped by space—ostensibly. In fact, I refuse to make a gratuitous disclosure of plot. These stories came to me intact; I will pass them on intact. Their magic requires wholeness. Read *The Life Guard*. You'll appreciate the last four stories, too—as relief, postcatharsis. A writer, a reader, can function efficiently at such high altitudes for only a short period of time.

THE GERMAN LESSON is good, but not nearly so good as it appears. Siegfried Lenz writes in what I'd call the accretive style: sentences go three steps forward, two steps back. There is an illusion of lush detail, great perception, but the novel is like a box of cornflakes: it tends to settle in transit. "A veil of smoke filtered through the kitchen. A fluttery veil of peat smoke floated through the living room." The second sentence adds very little to the first. There is some accretion: we learn that the smoke is peat smoke, the veil is fluttery. One sentence would have sufficed for all of this. *The German Lesson* reads like old Dr. Kildare dialogues, not memorable, but very memorizable.

"Doctor. Am I dying?"

"Are you dying? What makes you ask?"

"What makes me ask? I have these lumps."

"Lumps? Good grief, you didn't mention lumps."

And so on. The repetitions are a ritual. Lenz imitates—but seldom approaches—really hard and incisive writing.

This, of course, is the Gunter Grass style. Siegfried Lenz does seem awfully derivative. If either novelist should happen to pass, say, a paint factory, there will follow one chapter, perhaps two (called probably "The Joys of Paint"), complete with brochures, specifications and color charts. The digressive method has its venerable ancestry: *Jacques le Fataliste* out of *Tristram Shandy*. In *The German Lesson* we have predictable devices, "How shall I describe his hat?" "I must stop here and set the scene." It puts a MAN WORKING sign over the author's head. These phony associations are a substitute for the business of metaphor making. And the reader, with noticeable condescension, is made to participate in, to be present at, the artist's great moment of creation.

Grass and Lenz share the same concern: Germany and It Can't Happen Here But It Certainly Did, Didn't It? The first person protagonist is ordered to write a German essay on Duty. The essay becomes a novel about his duty-mad policeman father and a great painter forbidden by the Nazis to paint. *The German Lesson* means, transparently, the Lesson of Germany. It celebrates the free mind's triumph in a totalitarian state, tries to clamp half-nelsons on the German character. But where Grass uses immense, loud, mesmerizing emblems, Lenz is matter-of-fact. There is a grotesque, joyful drive in Grass that transcends literary devices—though the novels of both men, I submit, are always a hundred pages too long. Lenz's moralizing, like his style, is full of air, pretentious, oversimple. His father, the simulacrum of Germany, remains largely unappreciated. Lenz is a talented writer. The book has sold a quarter of a million copies in Germany alone. But not for its literary excellence—rather for its very proper and expiatory response to the national guilt.

I'M WILLING to bet that Muriel Spark's new novel is a failed three-act play. Dialogue, usually in complex quartets and quintets, is the really efficient tool of development. Eccentric characters enter left and right whenever the action flags. There is a *Tiny Alice* sort of managed suspense/curiosity. Production could be mounted on one expensive set: a half-wall partition that separates the Living Room of the Klopstock mansion from its Kitchen. And *Not To Disturb* comments on theatrical clichés. The opening is standard: enter maid, butler, secretary. They discuss the master and mistress. But there is an ironic reversal.

The servants in *Not To Disturb* are protagonists; the masters have been cast as walk-ons. Power and imagination flow upstairs from the kitchen.

D. Keith Mano *is a novelist whose latest is* The Proselytizer. . . . **Jeffrey Bell** *is Capitol Hill Director of the American Conservative Union and served on Richard Nixon's personal campaign staff in 1968. . .* **Richmond Crinkley** *is Artistic Director of the Folger Theater Group in Washington. . . .* **Walter Darnell Jacobs** *is Professor of Political Science at the University of Maryland.*

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The masters, we learn, are moribund. In a few hours they will die—a parlay of two murders and one suicide. The servants know this, and have graciously helped to midwife the act. They are busy: contracting for interviews, movies, magazine serials, arranging one maid's marriage to the feeble-minded heir. *Not To Disturb* is sophisticated, amusing, ephemeral: an hors d'oeuvre without a meal. The premise is too insubstantial. Producers, I suspect, would not invest, theater economics being what they are today. Publishers might. By the author's Law of the Conservation of Creative Energy, Muriel Spark turned her effort into a slim novel. After all, characters in a novel aren't paid Equity union scale.

TROUBLE AT THE TOP is a power politics potboiler from the Famous Hacks School of writing: a homage to Arthur Hailey and Irving Wallace. On page two the American President hero sees his "grey-flecked beard" and "thinning, brown hair" in a full-length mirror. Characters in this kind of novel always look in a full-length mirror: authors like Charles Bracelen Flood couldn't describe their faces otherwise. After that corny device, the novel goes quickly downhill. □

The Party's Over
By David S. Broder
Harper, 280 pp., $7.95

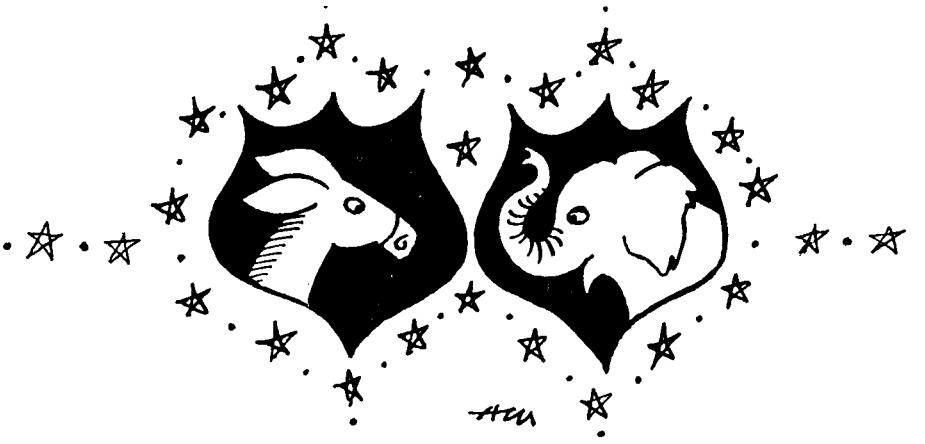
MALAISE OF PEOPLE AND PARTY

JEFFREY BELL

In 1920, when Warren Harding swept into the White House, the Republicans gained 63 House seats and eleven Senate seats; the Democrats were left with about a dozen House seats outside the South. In 1932, Franklin Roosevelt's victory added 97 House seats and twelve Senate to the Democratic total. Even in 1948, when Harry Truman's margin of victory was only 4.4 per cent nationwide and when slightly changed results in a few large states could have given the election to his Republican opponent, the Democratic Party gained 75 representatives and nine senators to take overwhelming control of Congress.

For most of American political history, this kind of electoral pattern has been the rule. A victory for a Presidential candidate has been a victory for his party in races for lesser office. The size of the party victory has depended on the size and nature of the Presidential victory.

In 1952, with the simultaneous advent of Dwight Eisenhower and television to national politics, this pattern abruptly changed. Eisenhower's victory margin that year was nearly two and a half times the size of Truman's four years before—yet the Republicans gained only 22 House seats and a single Senate seat. In 1956, when Eisenhower won his second term by an astonishing margin of 15.4 per cent, carrying every state but one outside the South, the Republicans failed to gain a Senate seat and actually lost two House seats —a performance absolutely unprecedented for a party whose national ticket was a landslide winner.



Most analysts attributed these events to the unprecedented nature of Dwight Eisenhower's bipartisan popularity, rather than to any fundamental change in American political patterns. Subsequent events have proved them wrong. John Kennedy's 1960 victory left his party weaker in both the House and Senate. In 1969, Richard Nixon became the first newly elected President since 1849 to take office in the face of opposition majorities in the House and Senate—and substantial ones at that.

Other indices show a similar picture of accelerating party breakdown. In the nine Presidential elections between 1920 and 1952, the proportion of House districts supporting a Presidential nominee of one party and a congressman of another averaged 15 per cent. In the last four elections, the figure has doubled to more than 30 per cent. In the six election years from 1960 to 1970, 47 per cent of the states simultaneously electing a governor and a senator chose men of different parties. In the six elections from 1948 to 1958, the figure was 21 per cent. The 1970 Senate elections in New York and Virginia were won by third-party candidates—the first time a statewide election had been so won since 1940, when Robert La Follette was re-elected in a state where the Democratic Party barely existed.

DAVID S. BRODER of the *Washington Post*, the most gifted political reporter in American daily journalism, uses these data and many others to argue that the two-party system is in serious trouble, and that its breakdown is not unrelated to the perceived breakdown of American society as a whole: "When the parties fail, individual citizens feel they have lost control of what is happening in politics and in government. They find themselves powerless to influence the course of events. Voting seems futile and politics a pointless charade."

From Broder's liberal perspective the chief evil of the growing confusion of party lines is what he calls "impasse" —in most cases consisting of the failure of Congress to enact liberal programs backed by liberal Presidents. Yet of the four recent Presidents he examines in some detail, he reserves his fiercest condemnation for none other than Lyndon Johnson—the one President since World War II who rammed liberal programs through a liberal Congress, the 89th. →

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Memo to: all of you who are so interested in Ireland and its current troubles

Re: some solid information on the subject (at last!) that you'll want to get immediately.

"ONCE AGAIN -- BY POPULAR DEMAND!"

To judge from our mailbag, the bloodshed in Ulster is of tremendous concern to a great many of you. Poor NR is accused from all sides of failing to come down on the right side of this many-sided problem -- yet very few of our correspondents could possibly agree with one another.

The situation is further complicated by this well-known fact: there are just not many really good books about Ireland available (an Irish friend claims that "there is no such thing as a decent history of Ireland -- let alone an unprejudiced one!"). Well, we think we've found a good one, and we hasten to make it available to you for less than half price -- all you have to do is use the card facing this page (please act now -- this offer will not be repeated!).

The straightforward title is "The Irish," and while author Richard O'Connor wastes few words, he doesn't skip over much either. This big (just under 400 pages and -- mirabile dictu -- fully indexed, so you can go back and find the parts you'll want to quote) book contains an enormous amount of information, opinion, fact, anecdote -- not to mention some of the funniest stories you've heard in a long time. Many will want to begin with the last few chapters, as they will tell you most about the current situation -- but it is that kind of book, one that you can pick up and go through as you please. Some samples:

- "...a Dubliner told me, 'Out of Ireland's three millions we have 500,000 clergymen, several hundred thousand IRA men, and the rest are all politicians.'"

- "What, then, is so precious about this Irishness the Irish are bent on preserving? Or is it precious at all? You could no more ask that question in Ireland and expect a mild answer than you could ask an Israeli what is so valuable about Jewishness."

- "Never agree with an Irishman when he is criticizing himself; he can do a far better job on his own and resents any footnotes to his self-destructive soliloquies."

But I haven't room to tell it all (although I can't resist mentioning one of the quoted malaprops of Sir Boyle Roach, who once said: "Why should we [put] ourselves out for posterity? What has posterity done for us?" -- his hilarious sayings alone would make this book a treasure. The point is, if Ireland is your thing, you've got to have this book. You can get it now for just $3.95 (retail price $7.95 -- you save $4.00) along with your new or renewal subscription to National Review. (If you're renewing, we'll just extend your current expiration date by a full year.) Please don't miss this one-time-only opportunity: we've ordered only enough books to cover this one ad, so even if you yourself don't give a hoot about Ireland, tell some friend about this offer without delay (just give him the handy card).

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Broder argues that the risks of partisan breakdown are not limited to "long periods of impasse. There is also a risk of 'overkill,' of hasty, ill-considered, profligate action when leaders try to seize the few moments for initiative they are granted." The Great Society was such a period. Central to its breakneck pace was Johnson's desire to use his big majorities to carve out a place as the greatest reformer since FDR—before public awareness grew of the nature of the enterprise then beginning in Vietnam.

In a passage quoted by Broder, William V. Shannon writes that the "straightforward course," given the facts in Asia, would have been a full program of war mobilization. "There is little doubt," says Shannon, "that he could have gotten such a program through Congress at that time [1965]. But it would have distracted the attention of Congress and the public from medicare, aid to education, the Voting Rights Act of 1965, the war on poverty and all his social programs. . . . Johnson sacrificed candor in foreign affairs for the sake of driving through his domestic program."

As a result, concludes Broder, "little time was taken to develop public support and public understanding of the enormous new ventures which were beginning. Indeed, many programs whipped through Congress so fast that few of the lawmakers themselves comprehended what was being done. Inevitably, many of those hastily written laws have failed." Broder is surely correct in his judgment that Johnson's failure was "not in Vietnam but in his own flawed concept of Presidential leadership and party responsibility in a democracy. Consensus government cannot work—because there are real choices to be made, choices of goals, choices of means, choices of values."

Broder is less persuasive in analyzing party breakdown as it relates to Republicans in general, and conservatives in particular. For example, he does not discuss the possibility that the single most important cause of the current distortion was the defeat of Senator Robert Taft at the Republican Convention of 1952. If any one event could cause the dissociation of a national party from its local and historical roots, this was it. As Broder's own well-documented studies show, the decline of party loyalty as a factor in voting was never more precipitous than in the Eisenhower years.

He is also reticent about President Nixon's abandoning the moderately conservative platform on which he ran in favor of advanced liberal initiatives at home and abroad. Just as Johnson's major political liability was the Great Society, Nixon's major advantage in 1968 was his seeming rejection of the type of federal social engineering that the Great Society epitomized. His decision to retain the Great Society programs with increased funding, as well as to propose the Family Assistance Plan and to impose wage and price controls, has hardly contributed to the clarification of party principles Broder desires.

The Party's Over is a perceptive and useful analysis of what is wrong now. The central question of the next few years is whether our aging two-party system is indeed incapable of producing a Presidential candidate who addresses himself to the malaise of the American people and proposes programs that are genuine departures from the arrogance of the New Deal-Great Society past. □

Shakespeare and the Film
By Roger Manvell
Praeger, 172 pp., $10

THE CHALLENGE OF SHAKESPEARE

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

The first Shakespeare on film wasn't Shakespeare at all. It was Beerbohm Tree in *King John*, on the London Enbankment signing the Magna Carta—a few flickering frames of silent film shot in 1899 of a scene that Tree had interpolated into the production of the play. Tree's extravagant productions were something of a joke with the generations that came after him. Though he tried to create for his theatrical works a kind of immortality through short silent films—the opening of his production of *The Tempest* was tinted blue for effect, an early stab at technicolor—Tree came to be the symbol of production overkill. Too lush, too grandiloquent for those producers who followed him. Yet he was a popular and vital Shakespearean of his time, even when he hesitatingly and then with increasing enthusiasm carried the Bard—Edwardian baroque stage sets and all—into the cinema.

Tree was right. He responded to his times, kept a slight step ahead of his audience, had regnant faith in his own judgment (as opposed to that of the rest of the theater and of the scholars), and pummeled ahead. His ego was probably his salvation. Shakespeare, quite properly, became as popular a staple of the silent film as of the turn-of-the-century stage, scaling such heights as Frederick Ward's eleven-minute *King Lear* of 1916, complete with the Gloucester subplot, and embodying such eccentricities as Sarah Bernhardt's *Hamlet*, with the Divine Sarah doing Hamlet's death scene as reconstructed by Dumas *fils*. Tree did a number of films, most of them luckily preserved today, and Shakespeare thrived.

Because Tree had the courage of his own excesses, his Shakespeare succeeded in reaching its audiences. Even in those halting flickery early days of film, Shakespeare fared better with the strong-willed practitioner of the medium than with the theatrical or literary purist. We watch today with slight condescension the 1936 Max Reinhardt *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with score by Mendelssohn, and Bottom by James Cagney, and then exoticize over Kurosawa's *Throne of Blood*, the 1956 Japanese adaptation of *Macbeth*. But both films are good for the same reason: they use Shakespeare in terms of the medium. The taste of 1972 is not the taste of 1936, nor was the taste of 1936 that of 1972. Kurosawa is rightly approved as an artist doing a creative film of a Shakespeare play; he is wrongly approved because his film is to the West exotic. Cagney's Bottom, removed by time rather than geography from its present audience, is equally the product of a culture different from our own and needs to be judged by the standards of the medium of its time rather than some transitory absolute posited by modern-day Shakespeareans fondly believing that one set of dicta will do for all times and places.

Roger Manvell's *Shakespeare and the Film* documents the Bard's fate in the cinema. Though Manvell's approach is general, it is reasonably comprehensive, includes extensive quotation from original sources, and can be used with R. H. Ball's *Shakespeare on Silent Film* to provide a worthwhile survey. Manvell goes through Peter Brook's *King Lear* of 1971. What his story tells us is that there is really not much of a pat-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT. Harry McPherson became an adviser to Lyndon and got *A Political Education* (Little, Brown, $10.95). . . . Carl Linfert's *Bosch* offers the major paintings in color (Abrams, $17.50). . . . *O Congress*, laments liberal GOP Representative Don Riegle, naming the colleagues he respects and those he contemns (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . Charles Norman worked from the subject's own files for his bio of *E. E. Cummings* (Bobbs-Merrill, $10). . . . *Harlem Renaissance Remembered* is a collection of Arna Bontemps' writings on Negro authors of the Twenties and Thirties (Dodd, Mead, $6.95). . . . *Marion Davies* is a life of Hearst's mistress by Fred Lawrence Guiles (McGraw-Hill, $8.95). . . . *Not Exactly a Crime* is a collection of quick profiles of all our Veeps by Richard Curtis and Maggie Wells (Dial, $4.95). . . . James David Barber analyzes *The Presidential Character* according to four personality types, and the Democrats, surprise, come out the good guys (Prentice-Hall, $10).

The Worlds of Jazz is a new book by André Hodeir, one of the authentic experts (Grove, $8.95; paper, $2.95). . . . If the birth rate zooms over the next few years, the explanation might reside with Sheila Ostrander, Lynn Schroeder and *Astrological Birth Control* (Prentice-Hall, $6.95). . . . *The Priest of the Little Flower* is a life of Father Coughlin by Sheldon Marcus (Little, Brown, $8.95). From the same house, Samuel Eliot Morison inks a portrait of *Samuel de Champlain: Father of New France* ($10).

Meditations on Hunting is a collection of Ortega y Gasset essays translated for the first time by Howard B. Wescott (Scribners, $7.95). . . . Edwin P. Hoyt surveys seven generations in *The Nixons: An American Family* (Random House, $7.95). . . . *Dawn and the Darkest Hour* is a bio of Aldous Huxley by George Woodcock (Viking, $6.95).

■ JUNE AT HARPER: *Barron's* contributor Abraham Briloff casts a skeptical eye at the figure fellows in *Unaccountable Accounting* ($10). . . . A posthumous John Gunther is *Inside Australia* ($10). . . . *Winter Trees* completes the corpus of Sylvia Plath's poems ($5.95). . . . Max Gallo reconstructs how Hitler liquidated Roehm and the SA Brownshirts in *The Night of the Long Knives* ($8.95). . . . Fanny Butcher, ex-*Chicago Trib* newsgal, calls her autobiography *Many Lives, One Love* ($10).

■ NEW PERIODICAL: *The Political Science Reviewer*, edited by George Carey and James McClellan, is a new conservative annual devoted to lengthy analyses of major works in political science. First issue, over three hundred pages, available for $6 from P.O. Box 52, Hampden-Sydney College, Hampden-Sydney, Va. 23943.

tern. There have been some filmed stage pieces—like the Olivier *Othello*, which preserves in a transmogrified form a brilliant performance of a great role by a great actor. There have been straightforward narrative reconceptions set in period—some, like Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*, being close to brilliant, and others, like George Cukor's *Romeo and Juliet* (with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard), being perhaps too reverential. There have been the plays conceived as film—like Olivier's *Henry V*, a barebones film piece making reference to the theater which had always hung like a penumbra over the moviehouses presuming to do Shakespeare themselves, or Orson Welles' *Chimes at Midnight*, or Brook's *King Lear*. Each has served its own purpose. The stage pieces are essentially archival—records of something that happened on stage; they may distort what it was like to see the performance they record in the theater rather than on a film. The period narratives are educational, a good basic way through the plays for those whose first response will be to the story and its creation within the period of its setting. But the films, which are as fully films as they are Shakespeare, are most surely entitled to be classed as works of art.

The genius of Shakespeare was described by Keats as a genius of "negative capability"—that is, Shakespeare could penetrate any situation, strike a responsive chord with almost any kind of mind. Our lack of biographical material about Shakespeare has been a positive asset in maintaining Shakespeare's universality, for there is not much documentation to get in the way of our undiluted enjoyment of his plays on their own terms. We need not posit wit combats between Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway to enjoy Beatrice and Benedict. But both in the theater and in the film Shakespeare's greatest claim to genius is the challenge he poses to those who collaborate with him to create theater or film, to the directors and actors and designers and composers who bring the genius of their own moment of history to that of the playwright.

Of all our creative minds in the West, Shakespeare's is perhaps the least artifactual. Though the printed words on the page are immutable, the moment they leap into life on film or onstage they belong to a whole new dynamic of art that has moved from the artifact to a new act of creation which springs from but does not reproduce the artifact. The film is perhaps itself an artifact, but it is an artifact pretending with much success to be alive. The history of Shakespeare in the theater is very much a paradigm of the history of the theater from 1590 to the present, from *The Comedy of Errors* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* on an Elizabethan stage to *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* and Peter Brook's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Ionesco's *Macbett* and Edward Bond's *Lear* in our time. But the history of Shakespeare on film is a paradigm of the whole history of the film medium, for Shakespeare was in the film-maker's bones when the first films were made. The failures and successes of Shakespeare on film are as significant and typical as the failures and successes of the medium itself. □

Gehlen—Spy of the Century
By E. H. Cookridge
Random House, 402 pp., $10

HATE-LOVE OF SPOOKERY

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

Our age does not know just how to assess the professional spy. He is somehow outside the broader circles of gentlemen. He is worthy of respect for his skills and valor but worthy of disdain for the unsavoriness of his calling. He is a source of popular entertainment so long as he is presented in the most shallow and unreal parody. We know we need him but most of us wish that we didn't.

Cookridge's assessment of Reinhard Gehlen is subject to all these conflicts. Cookridge, himself a person with some professional spookery in his back-

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ground, sees in Gehlen the outstanding spy of this century. He recognizes all the skills that Gehlen possesses and marvels at all (well, nearly all) of the exploits that Gehlen brought off. Still, Cookridge writes about his subject with an animus which has scarcely been equaled since Trotsky wrote Stalin's biography or Gore Vidal described a night with Richard Nixon.

GEHLEN HAS BEEN a director in espionage and intelligence rather than an operator or agent. He has served Hitler, Truman, Eisenhower, Adenauer, Erhard and Kiesinger. He provided Hitler with accurate combat and political intelligence on the USSR during World War II. He then served the United States from his base in the Pullacher Forst, collecting information inside the Soviet bloc when most Western agencies were unable either to penetrate or maintain sources there. When the Federal Republic was created, Gehlen became head of the West German Intelligence Service (BND) and created a worldwide system for Bonn that was also used to some extent by the United States and NATO. Before his retirement in 1968 Gehlen warned that the Soviet Union was eager for an excuse to use force against Czechoslovakia—but nobody listened.

This series of accomplishments is fittingly admired by Cookridge. He admires, too, Gehlen's ability to work with the Egyptian apparatus and, at almost the same time, to cooperate with the Israelis. He even has some grudging appreciation for Gehlen's operations in France against the Algerian separatists before 1958.

What generates Cookridge's hate-love of Gehlen is something other than a squeamishness at Gehlen's ability to switch sides (Hitler to CIA to Bonn) or to serve both sides (Israel and Egypt). In Cookridge's code the professional spy is expected to be prepared to serve whomever he must in the style of the good British civil servant who can serve Lab or Lib or Tory and do the same competent professional job.

No, the cause of Cookridge's dislike of Gehlen is the fact that the great German spy has lived a life marked by a single-minded application to and entrancement by the Soviet Union. Whether Gehlen found his "subject" in the Soviet Union, as Cookridge asserts, or deduced from study and observation that the USSR was at the center of twentieth-century affairs, as events would seem to argue, is a question for speculation only. Gehlen became the "spy of the century" because he was able to supply more essential elements of information about the USSR than any of his contemporaries.

"Spy of the century" or not, Gehlen remains a most controversial figure even in retirement. The value of Cookridge's work is to take that controversy out of the pages of the sensationalist and reflex liberal press of Germany and the United States and place it almost inside the arena of scholarly research. He makes a reasonable attempt at meeting the standards of respectable research but is handicapped, not only by his feelings of aversion toward Gehlen the person but also by the nature of available sources, which are not entirely those of the political historian, but are, rather, concealed and often dissembled. And even though Cookridge places too much reliance on secondary sources and some questionable polemics (e.g., Wise and Ross), he produces a work that advances knowledge about espionage in general and about the great one, Gehlen.

Still, it is far from a definitive study. Because of the nature of the subject, that study will probably never be produced. Cookridge, however, sees the main lacuna in his attempt at comprehensiveness—the role of the Gehlen papers. We now have the Gehlen autobiography in German and it is soon to appear in an expanded English version. Cookridge ridicules the German edition as self-serving and lacking in documentation. He fails to find therein promised sensational disclosures about the Bormann matter. The Gehlen papers, nevertheless, deserve more weight than Cookridge is willing to assign them. Gehlen's version, in either language edition, is perforce a major input in any understanding of Gehlen the spy and Gehlen the man.

Cookridge's is an outstanding effort to contribute to the understanding of Gehlen as a director of espionage. It is pettiness perhaps to have expected more of a contribution to an understanding of Gehlen as a man—or as an imperial friend who has told us so much about the nature and capabilities of the Soviet Union. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TRIAGE, *by Leonard C. Lewin (Dial, 216 pp., $5.95).* The author of *Report from Iron Mountain,* the think-tank hoax that provoked a good deal of discussion five years ago, has written this new book of the same genre under his own name. Like *Report,* it is essentially science fiction constructed by the familiar process of extrapolating from existing trends. Mr. Lewin is not much of a hand with either story or character, but—as in *Report*—the thrust of his logic is formidable. His explanation of his title will suggest what he is saying this time. "The best working model for our mission is the triage officer in a military field hospital. He is the doctor who must decide on the disposition of casualties as they come in from the battlefield faster than they can be taken care of. The triage determines who will be selected for immediate medical treatment, who will be put off till later, and who will be abandoned to die. The choice must be made, whatever the criteria. Leaving it to chance . . . is not an expression of moral modesty; it is criminal negligence. To waste resources on the hopeless or near-hopeless case while another bleeds to death unnecessarily because he arrived a minute later, or whatever, is absurd. Expand this to the social scale. The object of triage is simply to save as many as can be saved, and that is the first part of our object. Our criteria will vary as we work them out, but they will surely relate first of all to survival, over the long haul, of the greatest number of *fully functioning and productive* members of the species. Any questions at this point?"

J. BURNHAM

SARAH BERNHARDT: *The Art within the Legend, by Gerda Taranow (Princeton, 287 pp., $10).* The author pays the "divine Sarah" the compliment of taking her seriously as an actress who studied her craft and approached her parts with technical ability and intelligence. Gerda Taranow's style is dry. Her book is more interesting for what it quotes than what it says, but as an assemblage of information about Bernhardt it is superlative. There are a number of dusky photos of Sarah in her big roles, including a sequence from the death scene of *La Dame aux camélias.* Perhaps the main lesson of the book is that the synthesis of the performer's craft is more important than the analysis of its parts. Bernhardt as a totality emerges more from the biographies by Cornelia Otis Skinner and others than from this assessment of her abilities in voice, pantomime and gesture. The specific analysis almost always undercuts any totality of impact and totality of impact is what the theater is all about. R. CRINKLEY

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Arts & Manners

THEATER

LINDA BRIDGES

An Evening with Vidal

An Evening with Richard Nixon and . . ., Gore Vidal's new play, is neither so scurrilous as Mr. Nixon's supporters might have expected, nor so devastating as Mr. Vidal's friends might have hoped. It is also not terribly entertaining.

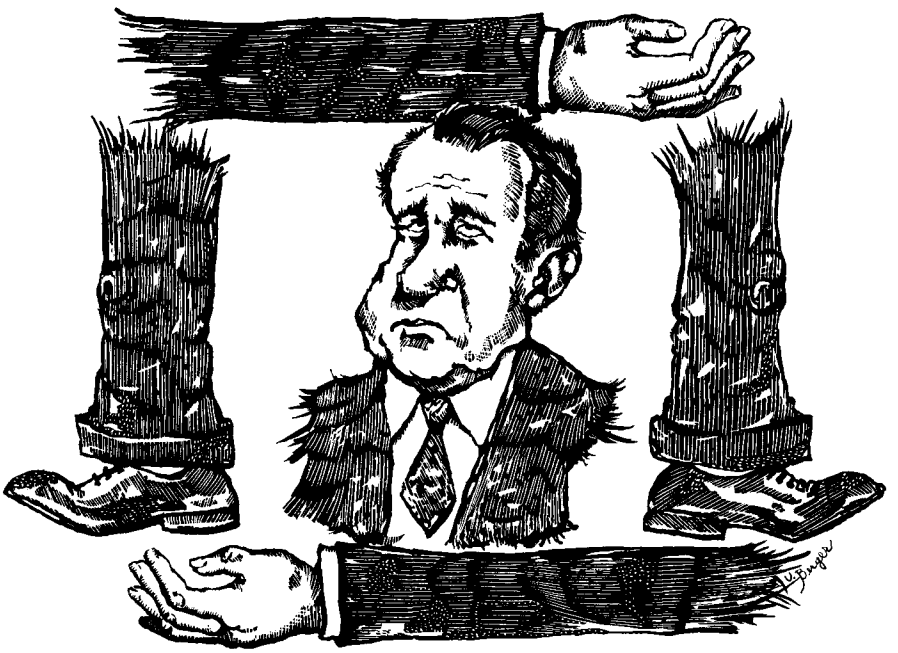
The format is that of a television show, sort of a cross between *Firing Line* and *This Is Your Life*. There are two commentators, labeled Pro and Con, the only major characters who are not given the names of real people. This may have something to do with the fact that Mr. Vidal is currently engaged in a lawsuit with William F. Buckley Jr., whose mannerisms the actor playing Pro has caught better than most professional mimics. (Mr. Vidal has hinted in a newspaper interview that Con represents himself, although Con neither looks nor sounds like him.)

As THE curtain rises, Pro and Con are discussing Richard Nixon and they decide to call in a panel of judges to help them review his life. Pro insists that they be "someone with no axe to grind"; Con replies, "That would have to be someone dead," so they summon the ghosts of George Washington, John Kennedy and Dwight Eisenhower.

Pro, Con and the judges introduce important incidents in Nixon's life and comment on them. Mercifully, we go quickly through Nixon's early years, from the time he is born, a squalling, kicking baby wearing the one-button blue suit he will wear throughout the evening, up to his graduation from law school (he got high marks, he explains ponderously—and the actor does catch Nixon's sincere-newscaster tones awfully well—because "I worked *harder* and *longer* than some of my more gifted colleagues") and his work in Whittier's Little Theater, where he met Pat. War breaks out; "as a Quaker, I could have claimed an exemption," Nixon says self-righteously, but, instead, he went to the Pacific, and "I was there when the bombs were falling." You never took part in any fighting, says Con; you spent all your time playing poker. "But I was *there* when the bombs were *falling*," screams Nixon. And on like this, through the campaigns against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas, the Hiss case (depressingly, one of the few things the audience really laughed at all evening was Nixon's statement that there is an "international Communist conspiracy, centered in Moscow"), the campaigns against Stevenson, the visits to Caracas and Moscow, the 1960 campaign for President, the 1962 campaign for Governor of California, the 1968 campaign, and the Administration right up to the visit to China.

Everything Nixon says on stage, he is supposed to have actually said or written, and, so far as I have been able to determine, that is so (although I do wonder whether he said in public, following the ABA reports on Haynsworth and Carswell, "F- - - the ABA"). One has the terrible suspicion, however, that Mr. Vidal thinks this makes his portrayal of Mr. Nixon honest and accurate. Pro's clumsy overstatement—"Anything anyone has said—quoted out of context—would sound absolutely idiotic"—sounds, in *this* context, like merely a self-serving attempt to prove his original point: "[Nixon] is extremely consistent on the great issues." At each of Nixon's *faux pas*, indeed, Pro winces but then attempts some rationalization. "I am trapped by the author of this highly biased political charade," he says very early on, and that is about the last good line he is given all evening.

One ILLUSTRATION of what can be done by editing and quoting out of context is the Checkers speech. Now, the Checkers speech just as it stands, without any editing at all, is pretty embarrassing. The line "and you know, the kids, like all kids, loved the dog, and I just want to say this, right now, that regardless of what they say about it, we are going to keep it" drew a well-earned laugh. Nixon probably deserves to have that speech quoted at him now and again. What he does not deserve is to have it cut so that he seems to have listed one respectable Republican cloth coat and one cocker spaniel as his family's entire worldly goods, and then in-



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vited his Democratic opponents to do as he just did and make a full financial disclosure.

Not that many of the other characters come off much better. Some of Nixon's "victims" do—Voorhis, Douglas, Stevenson—but we really see very little of them. We are, I think, meant to see Con as urbane, witty, and relentless in his search for the truth, but I personally find statements such as "I think of Mr. Nixon as sleeping at night in a box filled with earth from Transylvania . . ." a bit unendearing. And even that is beaten out for sheer crudeness by another of Con's lines: Nixon, in the 1956 campaign, refers to "the party of Schlesinger, Stevenson and Bowles." Why, Con asks, did Nixon list Schlesinger, and list him first, when in fact Schlesinger has never been a party leader? Could it be because Schlesinger has a Jewish name? "It takes a diseased mind to think of such a thing," says Pro angrily. "Well . . ." says Con, pointing at Nixon. Well, yourself.

Where the play goes wrong is that there is too much of this sort of invective for it to be a convincing documentary (despite Vidal's comment to *New York* Magazine that "the new theater I have created is called . . . Journalism"), but too little of it to put across the outrageous, and outraged hatred of *Macbird!* I do not find the *Macbird!* style appealing, but I would rather be angry than bored.

George Washington seems to be Vidal's touchstone of honesty, and Kennedy and Eisenhower are as unable to defend themselves against his judgments as Nixon is. When Eisenhower asks Kennedy if he is satisfied with the investigation of his assassination, Washington breaks in to say, "You must admit that there was a certain justice in your being killed. . . . It is more likely to happen to the leader of a predatory empire. . . . in that world empire you're killing yourself, your people and your Constitution." Instead of taking apart the nonsequiturs, Kennedy answers lamely, "That's the way it is; that's the way it has always been." It's not our fault, he says, that our ancestors made an empire for us: "Empires, no matter how achieved, are dangerous things to let go." And so they are; but Vidal seems to take this as a typical politician's rationalization.

At the beginning of the play, someone ran in brandishing a branch and saying, "Who cut down the cherry tree?" to which Washington answered, "I did." The play ends with the same person running in and saying, "Who cut down the cherry tree?" Someone says "Richard Nixon did," to which Washington replies: "No, we've got to be fair about that. We all did."

And with this, the last shred of coherence the play had vanishes. For if the final "message" of the play is that all America's leaders, and our whole history of expansion and coming to power, are responsible for "a lost war, a declining economy," the general ruin of America, then why have we just spent a very long two hours and fifteen minutes dissecting Richard Nixon? Granted, he is a timely subject; and he has committed, over the course of his career, a fair number of paralepses, hypocrisies, overstatements, embarrassed retractions and sudden changes of position, which it must have been great fun for Mr. Vidal to track down. But if the point of the play is our national suicide, Mr. Nixon's foibles became fairly minor in perspective. And if the point is Mr. Nixon's personal failings, Mr. Vidal would have done better to confine the play to them alone, and to take out a five-minute spot announcement on television to air his feelings on our national suicide. Highly biased political charades do not lend themselves well to serious statement *(Closed.)* □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Hail to the Chief

The arrival of a new cookbook invariably fills me with all the enthusiasm of a tired, elderly mule. I have, as my Recording Angel knows, read, reviewed, cooked by and written so many cookbooks that I feel I owe nothing to anyone on the subject. But when a book like James Beard's *American Cookery* (Little, Brown, $12.95) comes into one's life, all that for years has been shoddy, meretricious, untested, swiped from others, and so on in the cookbook line, is forgotten in the joy of having a masterwork in one's hands. N.B.: I have never said this of any cookbook before.

The first criterion of a cookbook is whether it makes you want to cook; the second, whether the recipes come out. Then, there are additional judgments: Is the book what it claims to be, namely a genuine compendium of the Haute Cuisine of the Knights of Malta or the Basse Cuisine of stars of stage and screen in their playful moments? Are the recipes reasonably genuine? (I use the word "reasonably" with deliberation because there really aren't many new recipes. But at least one can expect a new version of a recipe, with a personal twist, rather than a word-for-word copy of recipes one knows, including one's own, as I know to my sorrow. I only wish recipe swipers would at least take the trouble not to reproduce the inaccuracies which are bound to come up.) Or if the book makes a particular claim, such as "glorious meals in fifteen minutes" or "how to stay out of the kitchen when you have guests," is that claim true or, at least, nearly true? You see, there are few absolutes in the cookbook business. When you are in it, you get wary and suspicious, which is not nice for one's character. But if you don't, you are a fool.

Obviously, *American Cookery* comes up to all these expectations. It is a beautiful book, a pleasure to hold (all approximately four and a half pounds of it) in one's hands, laid out so that the recipes are easy to follow. In spite of its size, the pages of the book stay open where you want them to stay open (many cookbooks don't) so that in the kitchen, you won't have to put greasy finger to printed page.

THE CONTENTS of *American Cookery* are exactly what the title says. Besides the recipes, there is a great deal of lovely writing about America's culinary past. The history of American food, its ties to other countries, the ways immigrants adapted their cooking to the very different resources of the new world (such as having corn rather than wheat as a main starch), the influence of social conditions, in short the emergence of an American way of eating—that is what the book is about. *American*

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Cookery is well researched, with a bibliography for your information. And it is dedicated to the author's "favorite great ladies of the American kitchen: Eliza Leslie, Mrs. T. J. Crowen, Sarah Tyson Rorer, Fannie Merritt Farmer, Irma Rombauer, Helen Evans Brown and June Platt." The ladies deserve it.

The recipes include 28 categories of foods, from cocktail food to sandwiches, pickles and preserves and candy, and everything else that can be cooked and eaten in between. There are over fifteen hundred of them, and the variations on some of the recipes make for scores more. They include all the cooking styles of America, past and present; there are recipes that you will not find anywhere else. Also included is a great deal of kitchen information, such as the best way of preparing potatoes, the grading of beef, how long to broil chops, how to make fruit desserts and how to bake perfectly, from bread to cookies. It is a basic, standard cookbook, but the first one I know which is also fun to read.

EVERY COOKBOOK reflects the taste of the author, just as any gesture a person makes reflects the person's character. Jim Beard's food is straightforward, pure food—nothing gunked up, no ingredients pulled in by the hair to show cleverness; in short, *food* as it should be. There are recipes for all levels of cooking skill, all budgets, for all occasions when people eat. Because of their simplicity, the recipes, even the simplest ones, produce very elegant food. *American Cookery* has style, as has all of Jim Beard's food.

As I said, the recipes work and are easy to cook from. Jim Beard has spent all of his life cooking at a stove, not at the typewriter as some do. He has operated a successful catering service; he has given endless food demonstrations; he runs the best cooking school in the country (and the most sought-after); and he has acted as a consultant to dozens of food and drink concerns, including restaurants. The recipes he gives are not only his most successful and appealing ones, but the methods of making them are tried and true, the easiest and the most practical.

As I write this, I am thinking who really has influenced American food in our time, for better or worse. The hamburger and fried chicken stands have had great influence. Restaurateurs like Joe Baum who invented the atmosphere restaurants (The Four Seasons, Forum of the Twelve Caesars etc., which are now, alas, no longer run by him) that took elegant dining out of its French-restaurant context, the frozen food people who produce TV dinners and complete frozen meals, these all have left their mark on American food habits. So has Jim Beard. I can think of no other food expert or cookbook writer who has, singlehandedly, done more to raise the level of American cooking, especially home cooking. The reason for this, as *American Cookery* shows, is that he incorporates in his work all that is good in the past and in the present as well. He is open-minded, and it is that quality that makes him superior to other cookbook writers. □

Linda Bridges *is an Associate Editor of* NR. . . . **Nika Hazelton**, *author of many cookbooks, is currently working on book about wine.* . . . **John C. Smith,** *formerly with the* Baltimore Sun, *is now freelancing.*

MOVIES

JOHN C. SMITH

Bad Cat

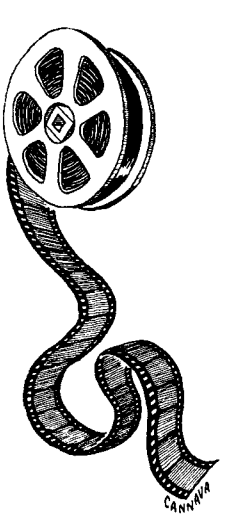
Is Ralph Bakshi one of Our People, or has the Movement at last found its level in self-parody? Bakshi wrote, directed and designed *Fritz the Cat*, which claims to be the first X-rated animated film. Based on Robert Crumb's cartoon character (Crumb has repudiated the flick), *Fritz* puts it all together, *it* being every Kidcult cliché about a malevolent culture in which the hero swims like a cat in a revolutionary sea.

Beginning with a grumble of hardhats going on about the foibles of the young, the film moves to Washington Square where some of the local fauna lurk. Chicks heave into view. Fritz and friends break into a rock song, but this fails to win fair ladies. Fritz, never faint-hearted, splits; he finds the chicks mooning over a crow, a big, bad black dude who puts them down. Clever Fritz makes like Bunthorne, shines in the high aesthetic line, and, after a chorus of Wows, Far-outs, Cools and Groovys, all are sporting in a bathtub. Various aardvarks and alligators join the fun.

Enter Br'er Pig (literal and figurative). Everybody gets beaten to a pulp, but Fritz, naturally, escapes. He goes to the Big University by the Square, where he derides studious friends and declares history bunk. Also philosophy, religion, economics and literature.

Seeking freedom and lusting for life, he burns his books and examination papers. Also the university, ho-hum.

On to Harlem, to jettison some guilt hangups and change his luck. Fritz gets a riot going. After Piggy, with a little help from some of his friends in the Air Force, devastates the crows, he bugs out. But not before Duke, a crow who befriended him, dies horribly.



Enter Winston, a nascent Sophie Portnoy, Fritz's girl. Unfortunately for her, she finds him hiding in a garbage can. Off they go to San Francisco, past all those lousy hamburger stands and screaming trucks and slums that, everybody knows, make up Amerika.

Their Volkswagen breaks down. Fritz offers a complex diagnosis of the buggy's ills; a rude mechanical happens along and gives another view: No gas. Fritz, at young Sophie's strenuous urging, heads for a service station, but falls in with a biker and his horse-faced girlfriend (well, she *is* a horse). They lead him to some kinky bomb-throwers. Finally Fritz, high up in a power plant installing dynamite, decides Horse-face really knows where it's at: love, baby, sweet and uncomplicated.

Unfortunately, Fritz has been double-crossed by a meanie, and gets blown to a hospital room and a reunion with the Washington Square Three, the teenyboppers we last saw in the bathtub. So the wild rumpus begins . . . again.

Well, for all its excellent animation it would send Walt Disney, gravely, into a spin. It will probably enrage the Lumpenleft, too, as Fritz is the distilled essence of some of their leaders. Ace activist that he is, he's always ready to let somebody else take the lumps. With the National Book Award going to the *Last Whole Earth Catalog*, the lib Establishment was had, and didn't know it. Garry Wills, who dissented from the award, wrote: ". . . the 'straight' culture blunders in on each fad of the counterculture just when it has had its freaky moment of life." With *Fritz the Cat*, the counterculture —or is it the anticulture?—catches it. □

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SIMONDS
(Continued from page 640)

tageous relations with states belonging to the opposing social system, the Soviet Union is ready for the dialogue with the United States." In other words, the Russians intend to speak (fairly) softly, and carry their big stick.

But it is the "ideological struggle" that is paramount—the Russians never forget that, and neither should Mr. Nixon. Listen to F. D. Kulakov, Politburo member and Secretary of the Party's Central Committee, speaking on Lenin's birthday, April 21:

> The Soviet Union's foreign policy course, all the international activity of the Party and the state, are built on the unshakable foundations laid by the great Lenin. . . . We see our international policy as the Soviet people's contribution to the common cause of the fighters against imperialism, for the liberation of the peoples from social and national oppression. Precisely this international attitude, practical and everyday solidarity with the revolutionaries of the whole world, was taught by Lenin, and for the CPSU his behests remain an immutable guidance for action. □

BUCKLEY
(Continued from page 642)

Frame 3—See the President and his assistants (drawing)
Frame 4—See the President and his generals (drawing)
Frame 5—See the President and all of them together (drawing)
Frame 6—See the Congress (blank sheet of paper)
Frame 7—See the People (blank sheet of paper)
Frame 8—Draw your own conclusion (blank sheet of paper)

He rambles on a bit, tells us that the Russian government operates at the top with a system of democratic socialism while at the top, in America, "we have dictatorship."

I yawn. Look at my watch. . . . It's 11:45. This has been going on since 7:30 with no sign of a halt . . . so this warmonger, wearied by another long day of beating plowshares into swords, turns off, tunes out. Good night, Patrick. Good night, John. Goodbye, Patrick. Goodbye, John.

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BROGAN

(Continued from page 632)

laugh. That it became newsworthy was the work of Jimmy Reid. A youngish man, good-looking in a rough-cast kind of way, Reid proved to be a natural for television. He was a fluent and articulate shop steward, a rare combination. He had the air of an earnest and dedicated workingman, standing up for his fellows—an industrial village Hampden. He also had a sense of humor, and an admirable sense of timing. He went all over the country delivering his message. Crowds in universities and in Trafalgar Square listened to the message.

The millions who watched him on television must have believed that he sprang from the cobbles of Clydebank, the last of a long line of John Brown's workers. In fact he is not a native of Clydebank at all, and his father was not a shipyard worker, but a grocer. He started his own working life as a stockbroker's clerk, and until fairly recently he was a full-time paid organizer of the Communist Party, and is still a committed Party member, an *apparatchik*, a bossed man.

Jimmy Reid has been a godsend to the British CP: a Communist with human appeal. No Communist would have a ghost of a chance of being elected Lord Rector for his politics, but Reid had strong proletarian sex-appeal. Yet, television coverage is not the same thing as genuine power. Reid and his fellow Communist shop stewards laid it down that there would be no cooperation unless the future of the four yards was guaranteed, and with them every single job in the yards. Toward the end of the year it became clear that one yard would close almost immediately unless a contract was signed for an Irish shipping company. That company refused to sign until firm guarantees were given of workers' cooperation. The guarantees were given by Dan McGarvey, a powerful trade-union boss. The men in the yard went along with McGarvey, leaving Reid on the sidelines. The bubble was burst, the bluff was called.

But the students of Glasgow came to the rescue and elected James Reid Lord Rector of the university and so, in the first week of May, he donned the gold-barred gown and gave the rectorial address to an unusually attentive audience, the same audience that not so long ago greeted Lord Rector Rab Butler, during his rectorial address, with cabbages and a bag of flour. □

"This may be the most important article ***National Review*** *has ever published."* **—Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**

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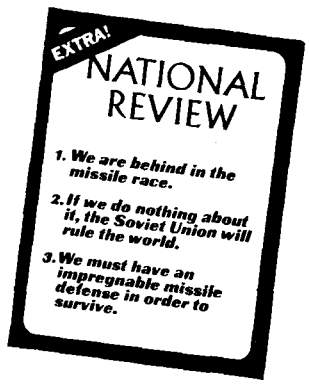
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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

The Gloaters

New York, May 18—I wrote ten days back when the North Vietnamese blitzkrieg was juggernauting south with apparently ineffectual resistance that the United States Government has a lot to answer for. For instance our highly deficient intelligence and military estimates, which persuaded most Americans to believe that Vietnamization was working. I have been swamped with commentary, the common denominator of which is I-told-you-so. The critics bear watching, because it is one thing to say that our intelligence estimates and the White House reassurances have been delinquent, something else to arrive at grand conclusions that would appear retroactively to justify the doves.

For instance there is Miss Gloria Emerson, the prominent, talented and beautiful correspondent for the *New York Times*. She spent two years in South Vietnam deploring every human misadventure, trivial and tragic—except those caused by the North Vietnamese; which I confess struck me all along in a class with deploring corruption among political prisoners at Ravensbrück. She has cabled me from London, "I'VE JUST READ YOUR COLUMN ASKING WHY WE'VE KNOWN SO LITTLE AND WHY WE'VE MISJUDGED SO GRAVELY IN VIETNAM. THERE WERE IN THE LAST SEVEN YEARS REPORTERS WHO AT RISK THEIR OWN CAREERS LET ALONE THEIR LIVES TRIED TO TELL THE TRUTH NOT WHAT WASHINGTON OR SAIGON WANTED THEM TO SAY. THEY WERE TALKING TO THE DEAF. YOU AMONG THEM AND PERHAPS TWOULD BE WISE ASK YOURSELF WHY YOU FOR SO LONG PREFERRED TO BE." I was not aware that the correspondents in question had risked their careers, indeed they took quite early to picking up Pulitzer prizes. But let that go. Another correspondent put it more directly, more personally. "What happened in Vietnam, you're asking? That's gall. One thing that happened was that a VIP editor went out there, got his head stuffed full of glowing reports, and relayed these back to his constituency in just glowing enough terms to keep alive the tyranny of the majority for just one more round of back-into-the-breach, men. Another thing that happened was that this same editor helped to elect a pompous bastard who was bound to take the wrong advice from the start. Others knew it. Why didn't this editor? Why didn't we know; anticipate; warn against? Some of us did. And some had to wait for disaster to strike before they woke up."

One sees here a certain righteous and self-serving confusion. Those who have been against engagement in Vietnam are saying that they also predicted that Vietnamization would not work. Comment: some did, some didn't. A further and of course necessary observation is that whereas Richard Nixon said Vietnamization was working, while some of his opponents said it was not working, the layman had to ask himself, in the absence of direct information of his own: Which of the two was likelier to be correct? Gloria Emerson or Richard Nixon? Miss Emerson (and others who were categorically against the war) could not convincingly conceal their desire for the failure of the entire U.S.-South Vietnamese enterprise. If it happened that they guessed wrong, what were the consequences? Hardly shattering. Richard Nixon, by contrast, stands to lose the Presidency, and by correlative default, the United States stands to lose its place as leader of the Western coalition, if he is wrong. Who, more likely, would the layman believe? Gloria Emerson or Richard Nixon?

That is one point, the remaining one being something on the order of justice to the South Vietnamese, who are the popular villains these days. Not all the correspondents are of the same stripe. For instance there is a former artilleryman in the Second World War, a student of security problems, who writes that contempt for the South Vietnamese ill becomes the United States, given our own military experiences. "How many Americans remember that in World War II the U.S.A., the world's greatest industrial power, produced in record time a whole gamut of airplanes and bombers that were better than anything else produced by our enemies, but that until the last three months of the war, when the Pershing finally made its appearance, all the U.S. tanks used in battle were completely and humiliatingly out-gunned by the Panthers and Tigers they had to face? How come?"

Strange, that having taken as long as we did to roll back the Nazis, during a period when the French showed rather less determination against the Nazis than the South Vietnamese have shown against the Communists, that we should be so contemptuous of the performance of the ARVN, and of our military command. Even if, when the evidence is in, I judge them to have been critically incompetent, I do not understand how the acknowledgement of this datum delivers me into the arms of Gloria Emerson, however satisfying such a relegation would unquestionably prove. □

DON LUIS

San Juan, May 16—The Governor of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico sat pensively during dinner flanked by two visitors and two aides and their wives, on top of La Fortaleza, the oldest continuously occupied executive building in the Western world, looking out over the lights of the harbor at San Juan. A half hour earlier he had sped off to the old Dominican convent, now a public monument, to sign a new law. There were several hundred elderly Puerto Ricans waiting for him, listening to five quite awful musicians playing a little squeakily into a microphone which every now and then contributed its static to the occasion.

Don Luis Antonio Ferré sat down with his aides in the front row and listened patiently to the music. Then after being introduced as "our beloved Governor" he reminisced that as a member of the legislature in the early Fifties he had introduced a bill designed to give government pensioners a living wage. Three old gentlemen were called to sit by the Governor's side. And a lady who had worked for the government for 52 years, and must have added weight at the rate of a kilo per year eased herself down on a little chair as the crowd held its breath. The chair held. The Governor has an advanced degree in mechanical engineering from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: His chairs work. So is Puerto Rico working, under his leadership. Spectacularly in one sense, the rise in the gross national product having gone forward resolutely even in the seasick economic conditions of the past few years. The Governor, a widower, shook the ladies' hands, and embraced the gentlemen, and sped back to Fortaleza for din-

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ner where he confessed that he had not until recently begun to inquire deeply into the nature of Napoleon, but that he is now (at age 67) reading a biography which points out that Bonaparte always looked for themes around which to unify the French people at moments of high national disarray, that one such was the Legion of Honor. What is the Puerto Rican equivalent, the visitor asked. Dignity, he said. Material progress is coming, but it is important to warn the people that it does not bring happiness, merely pleasure, and pleasure is transient.

Has the United States been guilty of any actual indignity toward the Puerto Ricans? Not really, the Governor said. Everyone behaves well, even the tourists. It is known, though Don Luis does not dwell on it, that the Governor has wanted Puerto Rico to become the 51st state of the union He fought for it in 1967 when a plebiscite was conducted, but the motion was defeated six to four. This does not mean that Puerto Ricans wish disengagement from the United States. Those who do are a tiny though not unnoisy minority. The Governor will point out that Puerto Rico's standard of living, while to be sure only two-thirds per capita that of Mississippi, the lowest state in the union, is nevertheless five or six times the per capita wealth of the neighboring Dominican Republic notwithstanding that the Dominicans have five times the land. The difference is: America. Perhaps he will raise the subject again after he is re-elected, if he is re-elected. But it is understood all the way around that annexation would only follow if Congress were to show willingness to receive Puerto Rico and if Puerto Rico were overwhelmingly in favor of it.

Meanwhile there is work to do. The very poor. The problem of politics. Governor Ferré is a practical man. He is very very rich, having labored many years in successful enterprises, including a vast cement works. Except for the time he spent being schooled in America, he has lived mostly in Puerto Rico, in the town of Ponce to the southwest. He ran three times for Governor, twice against the formidable Muñoz Marin, now an expatriate living in Rome. In 1968 he suddenly founded his own party, which is sort of conservative-avuncular, and to everyone's astonishment won. It was during the height of student problems, and he thinks he has done something to revitalize the morale of the young people, whose principal enemy, here, and there in New York where so many of them go, is narcotics addiction.

After dinner, in his informal office, he sits at a baby grand and executes with polish an extraordinarily difficult sonata by Franz Liszt, and then tackles the piano part of a Schubert piano-cello sonata. Last year, he said—he went to the New England Conservatory of Music to study piano after finishing at MIT—he determined to go back to practicing so that on Pablo Casals' ninetieth birthday he could play the Schubert with him. He did. And then he appeared with a symphony orchestra and to the astonishment of a young generation who swoon at anyone who can pluck four chords on a guitar, went bravely through Beethoven's Third Concerto.

Though art is this politician's first enthusiasm, and he owns the largest collection of Italian Baroque and pre-Raphaelite art in the world, he gave it recently away, to a museum in Ponce. He had Edward Durell Stone build it, to hold the five hundred paintings. It is legendary that on the day of its dedication a peasant, spotting the chief magistrate, said to him: Was he indeed the Governor? Yes, he was. Was he indeed a very successful businessman? Yes, he was. Was he also the accomplished pianist? Well, yes. Well, how did he have time to paint all those paintings? The story is apocryphal, but Luis Antonio Ferré is delighted by it, as are his visitors delighted by this worldly, sensitive and gentle man who presides happily over the tangled affairs of Puerto Rico. □

THE PROSPECTS FOR GEORGE WALLACE

New York, May 28—The headline reads: "Again a Gun Alters the Politics of the Republic," but in fact I do not see that this is the case. The alternatives for Governor Wallace have always appeared to be few. Mostly he is doomed to ineffectuality, like the assassin manqué, who has given us a human tragedy, but has not in fact altered the politics of the Republic.

What now can he do? Well, assuming that Governor Wallace were whole, what could he do? Let us postulate that the one inconceivable development is his nomination by the Democratic Convention. That was never possible. It would not have been possible if he had won every primary. George Wallace is a protest candidate, of overwhelmingly regional cast, distrusted by truly conservative Americans, and for good reason. George Wallace is a man who did touch pitch, and is forever defiled. The genealogy of his stand on busing and states rights is suspect because of its segregationist animus. John C. Calhoun could speak about the concurrent majority or about the doctrine of nullification out of a sense of respect for constitutional principle. George Wallace came around to his positions because he wanted a fancy argument for Jim Crow. It is true that he has changed his rhetoric, that the racialist lint is now almost all gone. But only one person can serve as President of the United States, and the country would simply not turn to a man with a past such as George Wallace's; nor are his qualifications otherwise remarkable. He is a great stump orator, period.

Nor is it safe to assume that George Wallace could deliver his following. Everyone knows that personal political allegiances tend to be non-transferable. FDR discovered that, as did General Eisenhower. If George Wallace were to request his followers to work for the election of, say, George McGovern, it is by no means obvious that they would do as ordered to do. For one thing, Wallace would lose credibility. George McGovern emerges as something on the order of the socialist candidate, and George Wallace's supporters are not, for the most part, socialist. Wallace's popularity is related to his candor, to his refusal to accommodate. To suggest at this point to his followers that they vote now for the one man in Washington among Presidential contenders most closely identified with the ideology of busing and the growth of the central omnipotent government is asking too much. Martin Luther King could not have got his followers to vote for Wallace, and Wallace can't get his to vote for George McGovern.

Or Hubert Humphrey, though the problem would be a lesser problem. No, either George Wallace will run on his own, as he did in 1968, or he will help Nixon. If he runs, it is not obvious whom he will hurt. A recent *New York Times* survey insists he would hurt Nixon most. The general assumption is that he would hurt the Democrat most, depriving him of critical support in some of the big cities, among blue-collar workers in particular. The question is unresolved, and the fact that it is unresolved greatly diminishes Wallace's strength.

What Wallace probably could do is: guarantee the re-election of Richard Nixon. In order to make his backing even of Nixon credible, he would need to get from Nixon one or two headline-making promises. In the field of busing; something about taxation; and maybe something on law and order. Not too difficult, in fact, since there are many points of contact here that Mr. Nixon without ideological embarrassment could trot out and back with total sincerity. What he would be left with is the stigma of Wallace's support. There is a little of that left still around, enough as I say forever to disqualify Wallace himself for the Presidency, but not to disqualify someone backed by Wallace for the Presidency. This the assassin did substantially accomplish. It is in this sense only that he might prove in some way to have altered the politics of the Republic. □

(Washington Star, Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One who installs or repairs pipes, etc., for heating, ventilating, or refrigerating systems — 11 203 118 38 142 15 63 70 74 113 / 205

B. To sew or crochet in a certain way — 85 32 41 73 62 67 93 104 109 126 / 161

C. A pillar of rock, usually of fantastic shape, left by erosion *(geological)* — 110 99 102 152 127 137

D. Not subjugated — 26 36 164 143 91 206 183

E. A farmer who cultivates his own land *(British)* — 108 71 220 213 77 27

F. A postman — 119 6 64 198 111 175 187 208 221 4 / 21 46 52

G. One who installs, operates, or repairs certain equipment — 60 22 65 80 97 112 106 132 139 150 / 200

H. An important part of a carnival — 158 12 195 222 178

I. An important industry — 100 53 56 89 25 28 48 3

J. A leguminous plant of Europe and Asia — 176 81 138 13 39 86 153 184

K. An arrangement of machines, equipment, and workers in a factory — 182 19 31 47 101 117 123 44 157 159 / 1 173

L. Pieces of personal property — 211 50 29 179 196 224

M. The U. S. Attorney General *(assuming he's confirmed!)* — 20 43 51 75 116 135 145 177 210 34 / 68

N. The head of a monastery — 33 42 144 192 122

O. Great Britain's prime minister during the American Revolution — 57 5 16 49 59

P. A former Secretary of the Treasury — 66 40 146 217 212 14

Q. A capital city — 114 174 9 61 130 45 83 163 167 191 / 199 204

R. Where a lot of labor brought forth a mouse — 189 223 23 140 30 202 215

S. Unscramble MAIN SUMMITS — 128 10 18 35 76 170 115 190 79 72 / 185

T. An agreement between disputants to abide by an arbitrator's decision — 136 96 103 168 186 193 197 209 17 134

U. Any mechanical contrivance — 169 151 160 92 216 24

V. One who shares living space with another — 172 82 95 207 214 180 107 124

W. Wordiness — 37 125 87 219 171 84 120 162 149

X. The capital of Corsica — 133 98 218 166 181 156 129

Y. A fiber, filament, or yarn used in making cloth — 148 194 7 121 131 54 201

Z. An emotionally unresponsive person — 154 8 147 88 141 55

a. A profit and gain beyond ordinary expectation — 78 90 105 155 165 188

b. A city between New Delhi and Lucknow — 2 58 69 94

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 656 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

						1 K	2 b	3 I	4 F	5 O		6 F	7 Y	8 Z	9 Q	10 S	11 A	12 H	13 J
14 P		15 A	16 O	17 T	18 S		19 K	20 M	21 F	22 G	23 R	24 U	25 I		26 D	27 E	28 I	29 L	30 R
31 K		32 B	33 N	34 M		35 S	36 D	37 W	38 A	39 J	40 P	41 B	42 N	43 M	44 K		45 Q	46 F	47 K
48 I		49 O	50 L	51 M		52 F	53 I	54 Y	55 Z		56 I	57 O		58 b	59 O	60 G		61 Q	62 B
63 A	64 F	65 G	66 P		67 B	68 M	69 b	70 A	71 E	72 S		73 B	74 A		75 M	76 S		77 E	
78 a	79 S	80 G	81 J	82 V	83 Q	84 W		85 B	86 J	87 W	88 Z	89 I	90 a		91 D	92 U	93 B	94 b	95 V
96 T	97 G		98 X	99 C	100I		101K	102C	103T	104B	105a	106G	107V	108E		109B	110C	111F	112G
113A		114Q	115S	116M		117K	118A		119F	120W	121Y	122N	123K	124V		125W	126B	127C	128S
129X	130Q	131Y	132G		133X	134T	135M		136T	137C	138J	139G	140R	141Z		142A	143D	144N	145M
146P	147Z	148Y	149W		150G	151U	152C		153J	154Z	155a	156X	157K		158H	159K	160U	161B	162W
163Q		164D	165a	166X	167Q	168T	169U		170S	171W	172Y	173K		174Q	175F		176J	177M	178H
179L		180V	181X	182K	183D	184J	185S	186T	187F		188a	189R		190S	191Q	192N	193T	194Y	
195H	196L	197T	198F	199Q	200G	201Y	202R		203A	204Q		205A	206D	207V	208F	209T	210M		211L
212P	213E	214V	215R	216U		217P	218X	219W	220E	221F	222H	223R	224L						

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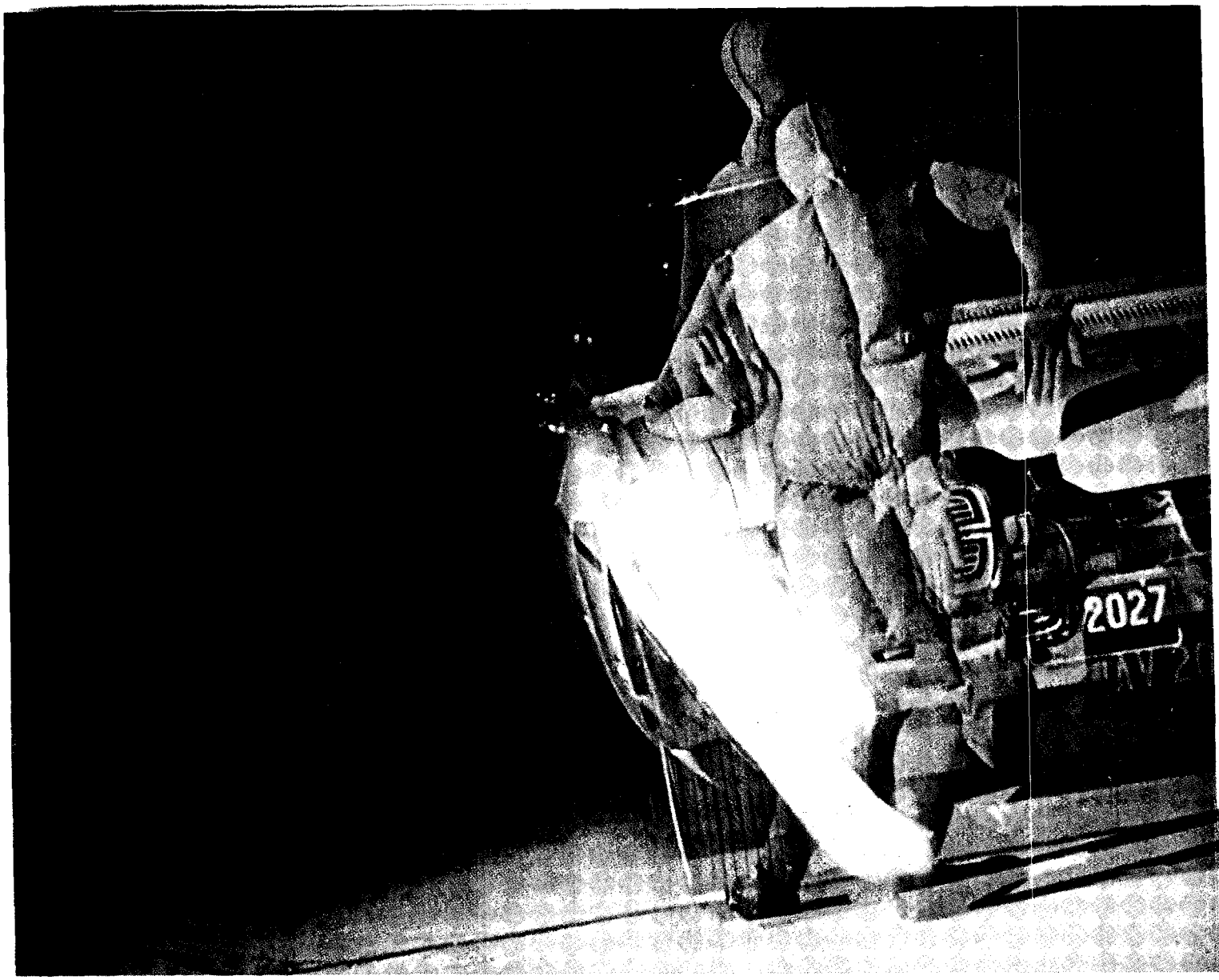

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That dummy is making a point about highway safety. And headlights.

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